

AL  
24th  
TH  
rs'  
ncils  
tion  
ings  
gs  
sey  
ic  
SS

# TH

# TH

# TH

# TH

# TH





## SOWING AND REAPING.

—Adj't. Phillips.



To fill the measure even full is all God asks of anybody, but when he gives to us, He runs the measure over.

TALKATIVE SAL.

IMPORTANT TO FRIENDS OF THE  
WOMEN'S SOCIAL

**IMPORTANT TO FRIENDS OF THE  
WOMEN'S SOCIAL**

**JYR COMMISSIONER**, I'm deeply appreciate any gifts of money, food, clothing, or suitable books for the libraries at the Rescue Home. Parcels should be addressed (prepaid) to:

The Evangelical Home for Children, c/o Fairley Ave., Toronto  
The Industrial Home, c/o Yonge St., Toronto.  
The Women's Workhouse, c/o Dundas St. W., Toronto.  
Fort Hope - Rescue Home, Kit River Ave. L., Don. Ont.  
The Homestead, c/o James St. St. John, N.S.  
L'Arche Hagar, c/o Highway #1, Sarnia, Ont.  
Fort Keston, c/o Yonge St., Winnipeg, Man.  
The Bridge, c/o Windsor St., Halifax, N.S.  
The Archway, c/o 607 Main St., Vancouver, B.C.  
Nedemehm House, c/o Rank St., Ottawa, Ont.  
L'Arche c/o 607 Main St., Vancouver, B.C.  
Manitoba State Home, c/o West Cooper St., Butte, Mont.  
U.S.A.

Liberia, c/o Chandler St., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.  
Mercy Home, c/o Fernby St., Vancouver, B.C.  
Dona Hall, c/o Women's Home, St. St. Montreal, P.Q.



**The Spirit of a Sanctified Soul.**

By ADJT. KENDALL.

then shall the lame praise  
 thee, hart, and the tongue  
 shall sing, for in the wild  
 shall break out, and shall

desert.  
Oh, when we have the  
the Holy Ghost we are  
In the day of Thy power  
shall be willing. Might  
done through willing power.  
Let me quote a prayer  
Mrs. General Booth :  
God, ask Him to baptize  
Spirit until the zeal  
eats you up."  
This Spirit will break  
through all obstacles





## The Spirit of a Sanctified Soul.

By ADJT. KENDALL.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power."—Ps. cx. 3.

"Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord; and David rejoiced with great joy."—I. Chron. xxix. 9.

**W**E have a great amount of preaching and teaching of holiness in these days, also holiness testimony. Yet, how few people seem to have the real, genuine experience. It has been strongly impressed upon my mind, for some time, the real evidence of a sanctified soul is a hearty obedience to God, and a genuine willingness to perform any duty to man or grasp every opportunity for the advancement of God's Kingdom. I think it is all summed up in the latter.

Under the strongest test, if it means to suffer, there shall not be a kick, or a flinch, in us. If this is so we have the spirit of Jesus Christ. The religion of Jesus Christ means hearty obedience. It is not a question whether they shall be willing, but the Holy Ghost says, "They shall be willing." Another glorious fact about these people that offered willingly, there was great rejoicing. Praise God! the company of such people makes you feel that heaven is not far off.

But those people who are unwilling, condemnation rests upon them—there is no shining, no shouting, no brilliant testimonies; often much grumbling, much finding fault, much neglecting meetings, and a withdrawing of their offerings to God's work; in fact, a general bludgeoning to the work.

We find proper examples for officers, leaders, and soldiers in the willing workers of Nehemiah's time (Neh. iv. 17). They that huddled on the wall, and they that bear burdens, with those that, indeed, everyone with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon.

Oh, it is like heaven to work among such people. They are always willing to jump into the gaps, grasp every opportunity for doing good—the love of Christ constrains them to do so. Ob, for Jesus Christ's sake, let us be practical, in those days of so much carnalism, so much lukewarmness, so shallow experiences, so much outward polish. This unwillingness makes people backbonesless; no dependence can be put in them. When you think you have got them with you, they're gone—got in the dumps, or some such place.

The question was asked one time (a man and his wife) why it was that he and his wife never got along together. Well, he said, when he had the glory, his wife had the dumps; and when he had the dumps his wife had the glory. I think these days it is more dumps than glory. Let us offer more willingly, then there will be great joy. Our songs will be songs of victory. Then thou shalt see, and flow together; thy heart shall fear and he enlarged; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing, for in the wilderness waters shall break out, and streams in the desert.

Oh, when we have the baptism of the Holy Ghost we are willing. In the day of Thy power Thy people shall be willing. Mighty things are done through willing people by God. Let me quote a grand truth from Mrs. General Booth: "Get hold of God, ask Him to baptize you with His Spirit until the zeal of His home eats you up."

This Spirit will burn His way through all obstacles of flesh and

## WANTED! LABORERS FOR THE HARVEST

By ENSIGN J. PARKER.

**A** BOOK appeared some years ago, by the renowned Prof. Drummond, entitled, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." We suppose few have read it without being impressed with the practical lessons set forth therein, and how well the writer has shown the parallel he started out to make plain to those who cared to bend their energies to the taking in of the truths set forth. Truly, God is not a contradiction. The more we see of Him in natural and spiritual spheres, the more plainly is it revealed that one and the same spirit operates in both. Jesus does not use a myth or an impossibility, or an absurdity to illustrate His lessons. Doing it would defeat the very end He aimed at, viz., making plain to human understanding spiritual truths by natural parallels. He points to the sheep, and says, "I am the Good Shepherd," to the hen, and says, "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings," to the fields He points and says, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth laborers into His harvest."

Now, it is upon this word, "laborers," I would like to speak for a little

to add that a laborer is not a man who finds fault with the overseer, workmen, and all else, and stands with his hands in his pockets, telling how much better he would command the work if he were only given half a chance.

No, no, no! A thousand no's! These are not the kind of people Jesus wants at all—write it large, so he who runs may read—Jesus wants

### People Who Do Something.

Go to the harvest fields. See the men who rise early and toil late. See that one, in old-fashioned style, wield the reaping hook. See the one in the backwoods country swing the heavy cradle while sweat rolls down in streams. See the one on the finer farm and rolling prairie, as through weary hours he drives sweat-drenched horses. See the sturdy, rough-clad host as they gather up the precious sheaves. See those men, as with giant strength, they hurt the sheaves into the cart and thence to the storehouse, safe at last. These are the men who accomplish much. 'Tis their hawkeye arms that feed the world. Yes, yes, 'tis those who bend their back to the toil who make it possible for the listless one to even exist, these



The mowers.

time, and perhaps the meaning can be best brought out by speaking first of

### What a Laborer is Not.

We might first say that a laborer is not a mere theorizer. Theories may be very fine, but they do not cut the golden grain, nor bind the sheaf, nor gather into the storehouse. A man may advance a fine theory while he sits in a cool parlor, eating ice-cream, on a hot day, but it takes something different to put the wheat in the barn.

2nd. A laborer is not a man who merely approves of the actions of others in getting in the harvest. Many admire the noble fellows who bear the burden and heat of the day, and would gladly supply them with some cooling refreshment, speak of them in the highest terms, and so forth. All very good in its place, but even this alone would leave the grain rotting on the fields. It is nearly as vain as the method of the first class spoken of.

3rd. A laborer is not merely a man who is very fond of good bread to eat. Most people enjoy this; even the laziest, tramp enjoys a slice off the loaf fresh from the oven of the skilled baker; and many a so-called Christian just as much enjoys the fruit of the toil of someone else, in good meetings, prosperous times in the church or the Salvation Army; but, as the Lord liveth, this is not the character whom Jesus designated laborer, and whom He said would gather fruit unto eternal life.

4th. It is hardly necessary for me

men who, in spite of a scorching sun at noonday, or weary limbs at eventide, toil on. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.

### These are the Kind of Men Jesus Wants

sent into His harvest, and of everyone who is not thus laboring in the harvest of God, I ask, "Will you thus give yourself to the labor, and toil, and heat of the day?" There is a call sounding through the earth; heaven is watching and waiting. From the burning sands of India, from China's millions, from Africa's blood-drenched veldt, from the slums and squalor of so-called higher civilization, from millions of weary, sin-cursed souls, goes up a cry to God. God sends it back upon the people who profess to be His, "Give ye them to eat."

### God Wants Laborers.

Not kid-gloved, slinking, nervous creatures, ready to run at the first thunder peal. Not those who must run home to the shady nook, and the hammock on the lawn when the glass marks 90° in the shade; but people in sympathy with Jesus Christ, the Great Laborer Who said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Laborers ready for the toil, and the sweat, and the heat; not people whose love, if analyzed, would show 85% sympathy of want-to-go-to-heaven-when-I-die, but laborers! laborers! laborers! O Thou Lord of the harvest, do Thou send forth laborers into the harvest. Amen!

blood, of forms, propitieties, and respectabilities, of death and rottenness of all descriptions! He will burn His way through, and produce living and telling results in the hearts of those to whom you speak. Earnestness—such earnestness that it comes to desperation—like that of Paul's, who counted all things but dross; yea, who counted not his life dear unto him. That was the secret.

Ah, that is it, killed out, all that is worldly, all that is selfish, destroyed out of our natures, all alive to God; then in the beauties of holiness we worship Him, not in form, but in power; not a profession, but a passion. Then we are willing through the constraining love of Jesus.

Reader, are you there? If not, you can be. Drop on your knees and claim it. It is for all. Praise God!



## III—THE GERMANS.

### CHAPTER XI.

Konrad III. .... 1137-1152

Heinrich the Proud fully expected to have been chosen King of the Romans, but he had offended most of his party, even the Pope himself, and Konrad was elected. There was a battle between Konrad and Heinrich's brother Welf, at the foot of Weinsberg, a hill crowned with a castle, on the banks of the Neckar, and in this "Welf" and "Waiblingen" were first used as war-cries. The victory fell to Konrad, and he besieged the castle until those within offered to surrender. All the men were to be made prisoners, but the women were to go away in peace, with as much of her treasure as she could carry. All Konrad's army was drawn up to leave free passage for the ladies, the Emperor at their head, when, behold, a wonderful procession came down the hill. Each woman carried on her back her greatest treasure—husband, son, father, or brother! Some were angry at this as a trick; but Konrad was touched, granted safety to all, and not only gave freedom to the men, but sent the women back to fetch the wealth they had left behind. The hill was called Welftrute, or Woman's Truth; and in 1820 Charlotte, Queen of Württemberg, with the other ladies of Germany, built an asylum there for poor women who have been noted for self-sacrificing acts of love. Heinrich the Proud was reduced, and his two dukedoms taken away, Bavaria being given to Leopold, Margrave of Austria, and Saxony to Albrecht the Bear, already Count of the Borders; but when Heinrich died, Konrad gave back Saxony to his son, Heinrich the Lion, and Albrecht the Bear became margrave of a new border county beyond Saxony, called Brandenburg, which he conquered from the Wends.

Germany had little to do with the first crusade as a nation, though the noble and excellent Gottfried of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, had been its leader, and first King of Jerusalem. But when St. Bernard preached the second crusade, Konrad took the cross, and went with an army of 70,000 men. They went by way of Constantinople, and in the wild hills of Asia Minor were led astray by their guides, starved and distressed, and when the Turks set upon them at Iconium, there was such a slaughter that only 7,000 were left. Konrad went on and joined the host of King Louis V. of France at Nicaea, almost alone, save for the knights from Provence, who had joined the French army, and whom Louis sent to form a train for their own Emperor. Together they landed at Antioch and besieged Damascus, where Konrad showed great valor, and is said to have cut off the head and arm of a Turk with one blow of his sword. But they could not take the city, and disgusted with the falsehood and treachery of the dwellers in the Holy Land, Konrad returned home, and died three years after, in 1152. He was the first Kaiser who used the double eagle as his standard.



# HARVEST GIFTS.

By COLONEL JACOBS.

**I**F the thank-offerings given to God through the Salvation Army are kept with the bounty harvest, then the result of this year's Harvest Festival effort will, without doubt, be a record-breaker. The farmer is a great man, not given to boasting or being over-certain, and he is apt to answer to the enquiry, "How are the crops?" with something like, "Very fair." "They might be worse," or "Not too bad." Now, since "words are only something to express ideas," the idea here expressed is that he has had a splendid harvest. Report informs us that the grain is nearly all safe, the dangers that threatened have passed away, and with it the anxious hours of suspense.

Harvest results affect all classes: if the harvest is poor, the whole country is the poorer for it. We are all dependent on the fruit of the ground, yet we are in danger of forgetting this, thinking that it is the farmer only who should be thankful, and consequently neglecting our obligations of gratitude to God, taking His blessings as a matter of course. This should not be so.

## God Expects an Offering.

What it shall be, let each one decide for themselves. In making your decision, let it be something of value. Remember it is for God. The gift must be in keeping with the person it is presented to. It may be of giving that which costs nothing, or something which neither your cattle nor children can eat, thinking the Lord would be greatly obliged to them for it.

Whenever we speak of giving, most people think it means giving money, and money only. This is a great error. We do mean money, but not money only. It is only a medium of exchange, which we can put to good use, changing dollars into pearls, dug out of the fifth and dirt of sin, and presented to the King for His glory. Our Lord teaches this lesson in His comments on the unjust steward. I hope, however, you are not going to pass by this thanksgiving week with simply offering the Lord a dollar.

The gift that God requires, above all others, is yourself. Not simply a determination to be better in the future, not only an aspiration for past heroes and martyrs, nor merely sympathy with the Kingdom of God, and the Salvation Army, not a feeling that you are called upon to patronize all good things. Neither desire that you receive the gift to argue on non-essentials of theology (which, sad to say, is often passed off as Christian work). I am strongly of the opinion that the old carnal nature is very fond of this kind of imperfect giving to God, which is called doing religion! The devil, and all hell, rejoices at the deception. No, what God wants is Yourself.

It should be easy to make people understand this. It certainly is not hard to say, but, oh! so difficult to get the real conception of this truth into the heart and mind on account of those pre-conceived false notions. Let me explain further. God has not given to all men the same talents, but He does expect of His followers to be workers. This is contrary to the idea of present-day Christianity, which appears to teach that only a few are called to work for God, because only a certain number are called to high positions; others are not called at all.

But you must believe God has saved you to make you a servant and a witness, otherwise it will be difficult for you to give yourself. If God is not to have our bodies for service, what is the use of living? The incentive to live is to build up the Kingdom of God on earth. Unless we do this, we become like the cattle, simply live to eat, drink, and sleep. Let me give one or two instances how all classes can work for God.

(1) Here may be a man that has the ability to make money, but does not possess the qualifications neces-

sary for an Army officer. If he gives himself to God, he will make all the money that is possible, and give it to save souls, realizing that it is not his money, although it may be in his name, but he considers himself only God's steward, and not the proprietor. His concern as steward is to put His Master's money where it will bring the best results for eternity. This man, although he may be called a business man, if working on these principles, will be found doing all he can, by other acts, for the salvation of souls.

(2) Here is another man (and when we say a man we mean also a woman), after doing sufficient manual labor or secular work to supply his temporal needs, has other time which could be spent in direct work for God. Without working for temporal needs, he would not be able to work for God; therefore, working for the bread that perisheth, in his case, is working for God. If, however, after working to supply his temporal needs, he does not work for God, the case is altogether different, for then he is brought down to the level of the

poor and manner they know they ought to. Cromwell, in addressing Parliament, in 1644, on the re-organizing of the army, referring to his warriors, said, "You may lay upon them what commands you please; they will obey your commands in that cause they fight for." The great King of Kings expects His warriors to obey His commands and fight. If this was done, thousands would be enlisted as active soldiers to-day. They would be saying, "Let me fight; let me bear some responsibility in pulling sinners out of the fire! Let me help with the Juniors; I will undertake to teach a Company, and if there is no Company I will raise one up."

Others would hear a voice saying, "Whom shall I send to the Field?" They would reply, "Here am I, send me. I have health and strength. Good-bye, ease, pleasure, and applause. I will be in the place where the fire is the hottest, the bullets the thickest, the hills the steepest, right in the firing-line at the front."

The question again comes: "To whom shall I apply?" The answer comes back: "To the Provincial Officer."

It may be said I have not mentioned the Divine side of the transaction. This is so. I am not afraid of this. My great difficulty has been to persuade the people of God to make a real offering of themselves. They



Gathering Flowers in Youth.

The Industrious Reapers.

Gathering Sticks in Old Age.

horse, which does a day's work, then eats his oats and rests.

How does he spend his spare time? Simply amusing himself in a way which, while not altogether sinful, is wasting it; or has he joined some religious club for the same purpose? If so, he has not given God his life. Our life implies our time. Just on this point there is considerable misunderstanding. A report comes that an attempt has been made to take the life of one of our friends; it does not prove fatal. We are told his life has not been taken. Apparently our informant forgets that it will take three months before our friend is sufficiently well to resume his work for God, and as "time is the stuff that life is made of," three months of this material has been destroyed; the person who caused the three months to be wasted is a murderer to that extent. Then there is the person who, by their own act, wastes or kills time. "What a transformation scene there would be in the Salvation Army, if every person who came under its teaching and influence, worked in the

make imaginary offerings, which mean nothing. They are what some call being "consecrated." As far as the work of God is concerned, it is of no more advantage than if they had said they are being "varnished." In fact, it is a kind of religious polish. Nothing practical has been done, the body was not given to God, no life set apart for His service, no fire from heaven fell, everything is exactly as before, except the varnish. There is the same old drone, the same sympathizing with the "Salvation Army," the same patronizing, all exactly as you were. This is not consecration.

Let me ask you, for Jesus' sake, and for the sake of the immortal souls of thousands still unborn, to do it.

Give Yourself, Yourself, Yourself, with all that implies, and do it Now.

It is well-known that the Royal Family of Sweden and Norway have often expressed their sympathy with the work of the Salvation Army in Scandinavia. King Oscar II. in the days when persecution was rife in the land, repeatedly over-ruled the decisions of the courts of justice, by which our officers had been sentenced to imprisonment. The good-will thus manifested has increased during recent years, and the King has just granted Commissioner Oliphant a private audience at the Royal Palace, Stockholm. The Commissioner remained some time with His Majesty, talking of the Army and its work. The King manifested the greatest interest, especially in our efforts among the poor and distressed. His Majesty was, in fact, heartiness itself, and spoke of his sympathy and admiration for what the Army had accomplished throughout the realm.



The Shooting of President McKinley.

The civilized world was shocked by the news of the attempted murder of President McKinley, by an anarchist of Polish nationality. The deed was committed about 4 p.m., on Sept. 6th, in Buffalo, while the President was shaking hands with a number of people in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition. The anarchist had the revolver concealed by a handkerchief in his left hand, and quickly fired two shots, one of which struck the breastbone, and did no serious injury, while the second penetrated the stomach. The President is still in a critical condition, but every hope is entertained of his final recovery. A number of suspects have been arrested, as it is supposed the plot is the outcome of a conspiracy.

## The South African Situation.

In South Africa guerrilla warfare is still being carried on. No important engagements are reported, but there are continual frictions between British and Boers, and the latter are being worn down gradually by being captured, killed, and wounded. A commando was captured near Pekaarsburg, numbering sixty-two prisoners, fifty-two wounded, and nineteen killed. The Boer commando appeared one hundred and forty miles from that town. Two Boer Commandants have issued a proclamation stating they will shoot all armed troops captured after Sept. 15th.

## International Items.

France has intimated her intention of expelling all of Turkey's agents from the country on account of her ruptured relations with Turkey.

Despatches received from China state that the Yangtze River has overflowed, and drowned one-third of the inhabitants of Shanghai.

Two hundred and seventy-five soldiers in the hospital at Fort McPherson, U.S.A., have been poisoned by a stew that had cooked all night.

A young woman, trying to swim Niagara Whirlpool Rapids in a barrel, lost her life in the attempt, after having been over one hour in the whirlpool.

The steel strike in the United States is still unsettled, and no satisfactory prospect of settlement is in view.

The differences between the Republics of Venezuela and Colombia are increasing, and troops are moving in the enemies' countries.

A daring train robbery was committed near Texarkana, Arkansas.

Two per cent. of people aged 30 are constantly confined to bed by illness, and 10 per cent. of those aged 75.

In the British army and navy are 70 officers of foreign birth, 29 being French, 12 Germans, and 10 Italian.

Abyssinia was converted to Christianity in the fourth century. The country now has over 12,000 monks.

Abyssinia is being brought up to date. They are going to have a tramway between Addis-Abeba and Addis-Haleam.

Rev. Minot J. Savage is the latest celebrity to raise a warning voice against the folly of overwork. He declares that about half the world's effort is wasted, and that we should be better off if we should spend in dignified idleness some of the time we devote to useless labor.

The Commonwealth of Australia is to spend a million pounds a year on the navy. Ships form the first line of defence with the Australians, and to be effective they must be strong and numerous. Hence the largeness of the grant. The new power is not shrinking its responsibilities.

# THE CRUEL

By STAFF-CAPT. J.



**J**UST what grudge that sun bore to it is hard to say. It is a fact that one of its stray rays, an astonishingly strong one, fell upon the face of a man, and found its way into the eyes, taken sick on entering, with chronic jaundice. The man, a soldier of the 1st Buffs, even a rose would blush to blush in the sphere which robbed the cheeks of their children, stamped each older face.

The sun was not alone in its cruelty. The man, a soldier of the 1st Buffs, wore a decent coat, but a special aversion to bright buttons of the usually halted at the corner with speed scarcely in their usual dignity through the thick and vicious crowd. Perhaps, mission, whose name the great city, knew not of Bolt Court, certainly was little seen in its throng and drunkard's cell.

"Can you tell me if Mrs. Peers' substantial violent start. The which the question was and the grave face looked so surprised that a moment, her speech, she stared with some astonishment, though inexpressible the shining, fearless eyes. "What's brought a bit you to Bolt Court?" "If it's the rent you're tell them as sent you, send someone bigger, if it get it and come out, I have nothing to do, lord," said the girl. Mr. Froggins, and I think No. 4."

"Then you've come place," was the gruff, offended at the idea of a prefix to their name, a respectable dwelling; Bob you're wanting—the crossing—let's up."

A word of thanks, blue figure vanished dingy door, leaving Mr. Froggins' opinion to the dirt. Slips who had gathered ain't nothing religious, "Anyway she's a right to come alone to you Peers," said a man's voice. Meanwhile the subject had reached the last stairs, but still old Bob found. She was just seek further information, shock head, broken balusters, and called: "Higher yet, miss door."

The door indicated of garret, but no sign of crossing-sweeper, leading through the only evidence of possession. As the insect-beneath her light troddered how anyone, could manage the as the ladder led—for more—was very difficult through which, came a very little wet, a great deal of figure on the edge of discernible to eyes the gloom. Unkempt, sunken almost to of bones shivering coat, slow starvation feature of the emaciated girl's head into of the ladder, which fell on her knees to the cold, cramped, time, in her kind, and frame some relics hor head to the grey whisper.



## THE CRUST.

By STAFF-CAPT. PAGE.



**J**UST what grudge the impartial sun bore to Bolt Court it is hard to say, but it is a fact that the passing of one of its strayest beams was an astonishing and rare occurrence. What light did find its way into the place seemed taken sick on entering, or afflicted with chronic jaundice. Everybody in Bolt Court was of the same complexion—even a rose would have forgotten how to blush in the sordid atmosphere which robbed the children's cheeks of their childlikeness, and stamped each older face with sickly age.

The sun was not alone in its avoidance of Bolt Court. Everyone who wore a decent coat seemed to have a special aversion to it—even the bright buttons of the policeman usually halted at the corner, or passed with speed scarcely in keeping with their usual dignity through the squalid and vicious crowd. Perhaps it was the missions, whose name was legion, in the great city, known not to the jailers of Bolt Court, certainly their presence was little seen in its thieves' kitchens and drunkard's cellars.

"Can you tell me if this is No. 4?" Mrs. Peers' substantial person gave the gentle tones in which the question was addressed, and the grave face looking up at her, so surprised her that she lost, for a moment, her speech, usually so fluent. She stared with some suspicion at the neat, though inexpensive, dress and the shining, fearless eyes.

"What's brought a bit of a girl like you to Bolt Court?" she demanded. "If it's the rent you're after, you can tell them as sent you, they'd better send someone bigger, if they expect to get it and come out alive."

"I have nothing to do with the landlord," said the girl. "I want to see Mr. Froggins, and I think he stays at No. 4."

"Then you've come to the wrong place," was the gruff rejoinder, as if offended at the idea of anybody with a prefix to their name living in her disreputable dwelling; "but if it's old Bob you're wanting—him as sweeps the eaves—be's upstairs."

A word of thanks, and the slight, blue figure vanished through the dingy door, leaving Mrs. Peers to air her opinion to the dirty, slipshod gossips who had gathered around her.

"Not a sight of a tract—guess she ain't nothing religious."

"Anyway she's a rare plucked one to come alone to your house, Mother Peers," said a man's voice.

Meanwhile the subject of discussion had reached the last flight of rickety stairs, but still old Bob remained untroubled. She was just going down to seek further information, when a broken head peeped up through the shock balusters, and a shy voice called:

"Higher yet, n—s—through that door."

The door indicated led into a sort of garret, but no sign of the missing crossing-sweeper. A steep ladder, leading through the ceiling, was the only evidence of possibilities "higher yet."

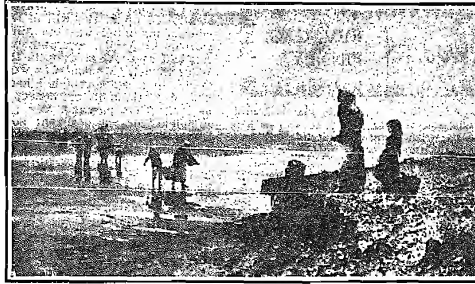
As the insecure rungs creaked beneath her light tread, the girl wondered how anyone, old and infirm, could manage the ascent.

The hole under the roof, to which the ladder led—for it was nothing more—was very dark. The broken shingles were its only windows, through which, on fine days, there came a very little daylight, and on wet, a great deal of rain. The gaunt figure on the shaven head was scarcely discernible to eyes unaccustomed to the gloom. Unkempt grey hair, eyes sunken almost to the socket, a heap of bones shivering beneath a tattered coat, slow starvation written in every feature of the emaciated frame.

A new light came into the dull eyes as the girl's head appeared over the top of the ladder, which increased as she fell on her knees beside him, chafing the cold, cramped fingers in her warm hands, and speaking all the time, in her kind, gentle voice.

The gaunt lips seemed seeking to frame some request, and the girl bent her head to catch the hoarse words.

"Give me the crust," was the hungry whisper.



The End of the Day.

A stale and soiled bit of bread lay where it had been thrown up the ladder, just out of reach of the stiffening arm. Blaming herself that she had not brought her own little basket of supplies, the girl put the unwholesome morsel into the dying man's hand.

It was pitiful to see the wolf-like clutch which came in the drawn face as old Bob almost snatched the crust and put it to his lips, but ere a mouthful was taken he had put it down

again, and folding over it withered, trembling hands, he raised his hungry face to the chink of light through the broken roof and murmured brokenly: "For what — going to receive — — Lord, make us truly thankful."

Such was the story the Commissioner told me—an incident of her own glumming days, and I wondered if, with so much more than crusts, our thanksgiving could equal Bob's.

## HARVEST PICKINGS FROM THE PRISON GATE FIELD.



**M**ANY are the cases we meet daily at the prison, the Police Court, or coming to us from the street, who reap in bitterness what they have sown in youth, and who have hundreds of cases, which would prove a warning to those who are starting out in life, but my time only permits me to relate two or three cases, and I sincerely trust that they may prove of great benefit to those who know not snares and temptations which daily come upon our track.

The old saying, and much-quoted verse—"Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap," "He that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind." This is very true; but, thank God, though with many life has been squandered, yet there is salvation and hope for the criminal, the vicious, and the depraved. God is taking from the lower depths of sin and degradation those who are down, and placing their feet on the solid Rock, Christ Jesus—Staff-Capt. Archibald.

## THE NEW VOICES.

"Captain, feel my forehead; give me that other hand; tell 'em I've spent pretty close to forty years in prisons, and it's a hard, hard life dodgin' law. Keep right hold, Captain. I'm not afraid, but I'm lonely for a friend. Tell the boys to be careful, for there's nothin' in it."

The old chap had said his last word, and Staff-Capt. Archibald, of the Salvation Army, kept tight hold on the hand. There was a flash, and the evening sun streamed through the window of Grace Hospital, as if to light the soul on its passage through the Valley of the Shadow. A tremor, then peace, and the old convict was dead.

"Boys," said Staff-Capt. Archibald, speaking that night at the Victor Mission, "I've just come from holding the hand of a dying man who told me that he had spent about forty years of his life in prisons, that he had served sin well, and that there was 'nuthin' in it.'"

And as the Staff-Captain told the story, the words:

"Nuthin' in it."

burned down into the heart of one fellow who was broke, and who had just spent four years in Kingston Penitentiary. As he left the mission the words "nuthin' in it" were keeping time to his step, to the gongs of the street cars, to the call of the newsies, to the hum of humanity. But he was hungry, he was weary, he had little

at stake, the world hated criminals, he was alone. Stepping to a shoe store he took a pair of shoes, and tucked them under his coat. Then the words "nuthin' in it" burned afresh in strange, unnatural light. He stole around, slipped the shoes on the stand again, and hurried back to Staff-Capt. Archibald again and told all.

To-day he is a trusted coachman for a leading citizen, and he often thinks of the time when, not so long ago, the voice cried out from beyond the grave, "Boys, there's nuthin' in it."—Charlie Churner.

## THE DANGEROUS MAN.

Horace (we will call him) was a very hardened criminal when first I met him, some fifteen months ago. This lad, from his earliest recollection, had been taught by his parents to steal. He told me that many a time he was whipped severely because he had not brought home sufficient money for them to buy their liquor. At an early age both his parents died drunkards, and Horace found himself tossed on a sea of an unfriendly world.

At the age of eleven he received his first conviction for theft, and since then, up to the 26th day of June, 1900, he has served no less than 19 years, 4 months, and 6 days in the various prisons and reformatories. Horace is now only 39 years old. Stripes, lashes, dungeons, and the severest punishments that could be inflicted for insubordination, or the violation of prison discipline, never made him shed a tear or repent in his wayward and downward course. Horace's joints are all loose, and rattle from the effects of being strung up for hours for his refusing to obey the prison government. All these things had no effect upon him, and he was regarded by the prison officials as

## A Dangerous Man and Hard to Manage.

Horace often attended Divine worship at the various prisons, but never entered (when he was outside) a mission or church without the object of touching someone's pocket-book. This poor Horace's life was being spent year after year, without Christ in the world.

At one of our meetings, during the month of April, 1900, Horace was visibly moved up as I talked of the suffering of Christ "from the garden to the cross." I shall never forget him at the close of the meeting. He rose to his feet to address the men in his own way, saying:

"Boys, I am going to take a tumble to-night. I never knew anything about religion, I never thought any-

thing about it. When I would see men praying and lifting up their faces, I was always very much amused, for it reminded me of a dog barking against the moon; but I have a presentiment here to-night that this religion is a square thing, and had I had it years ago, I would not be the poor devil in the prison cell as I am to-night. I don't know how to pray, I don't know anything about it. But, boys, I am going to take a tumble here to-night."

At the close of the meeting I shook hands with this poor fellow, and assured him I would pray for him.

That night, in his cell, Horace tried to pray, but, as he said he did not feel much like it, he laid down on his cot. Some time through the night (he related this to me the next day) he had a vision, or dream, of the Saviour. "To me," said Horace, "He looked all goodness and love."

"I was standing outside the most lovely garden I ever saw. So many rare and wonderful plants and flowers that I never set my eyes on before. The Saviour was standing in the midst of the garden, having a water-spray in His hand with which He was watering the plants."

"He never noticed me standing without the garden watching Him. By-and-bye He turned His face and looked on me with such compassion and love. He never spoke a word, but His look broke my heart. Boys, I awakened and found myself weeping, and there and then I got down on my knees, and as I knelt I found pardon, and peace came into my soul."

For fifteen months after this Horace has enjoyed the confidence of the prison officials, having been given a clerkship eight months ago, on account of his good conduct. In the meantime I found a sister of his living in British Columbia, whom Horace had not met or heard tell of for twenty-three years.

I was glad to find her a good Christian woman. Her husband, being a foreman in one of the mills, was willing to give Horace a situation on his discharge from prison.

Poor Horace's heart welled up within him with gratitude as he took a ticket, when boarding the train for Vancouver, with the parting remark, "This must come from God."

There are many incidents and adventures in his life, which he related to me, but time and space will not allow their relating. This is a wonderful trophy of the mercy and grace of God.—W. A.

## COME IN, MY BOY.

Not very long ago the son of a magistrate in a northern town came to Toronto to work for his uncle. The boys gave him the glad hand, and told him he was the whole thing, and he blew his corn, for he found it nice to be called a good fellow. One day he went broke, and the chaps all gave him the frosty mitt when he tried to make a touch, so he forged for \$40 in his uncle's name and was arrested.

He said he was very sorry, and pleaded for another chance, but uncle had a heart as big as a peanut and as hard as Plymouth rock. The boy's face blanched as Magistrate Denison said "Nine months." A father in the north was seized with paralysis, which lasts to this day, and a mother grew grey hairs, wrinkles, and crow's feet with hot-house rapidity.

Not so long ago an employer of labor got up in a Toronto church and told them all how good he was and how his heart was aching to help the under dog, and when the nine months' sentence expired this under dog was directed to this man who had the aching heart, but he said:

"Get out!"

Then Staff-Capt. Archibald, of the Salvation Army Temple, took him and went to a man-about-town, who also employs labor, and whose heart is as big as a prize pumpkin, and when the man-about-town heard the story he said:

"Come in, my boy!"

The other day Archibald asked "How is he getting along?" and the man-about-town replied, "Worth his weight in gold."—Charlie Churner.

"Charge them that are rich in this world to give, that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate."—1 Tim. vi. 17-18.



## Heroes of the Cross.

REV. C. G. FINNEY.

(Continued.)

IN the afternoon of the next day I was sent for to go down to this place, as they had not been able to break up the meeting. They had been obliged to leave the school-house, to give place to the school; but had removed to a private house near by, where I found a number of persons still too anxious, and too much loaded down with conviction to go to their homes. These were soon subdued by the word of God, and I believe all obtained a hope before they went home. Observe, I was a total stranger in that place, had never seen or heard of it, until as I have related. But here, at my second visit, I learned that the place was called Sodom, by reason of its wickedness, and the old man who invited me was called Lot, because he was the only professor of religion in the place. After this manner the revival broke out in this neighborhood. I have not been in this neighborhood for many years; but in 1856, I think, while laboring in Syracuse, N.Y., I was introduced to a minister of Christ from St. Lawrence County, by the name of Cross. He said to me, 'Mr. Finney, you don't know me; but do you remember

Preaching in a Place Called Sodom?'

I said, 'I shall never forget it.' He replied, 'I was then a young man, and was converted at that meeting.' He is still living, a pastor in one of the churches in that county, and is the father of the principal of our preparatory department. Those who have lived in that region can testify to the permanent results of that blessed revival. I can only give in words a feeble description of that wonderful manifestation of power from on high attending the preaching of the Word.

The time had now come when his experience in the things of God was to be deepened. He says: "During this winter (1843) the Lord gave my soul a very thorough overhauling and fresh baptism of His Spirit. This winter, in particular, my mind was exceedingly exercised on the question of personal holiness; and in respect to the state of the church, their want of power with God. I gave myself to a great deal of prayer. I arose at four o'clock, and generally spent the time in prayer until breakfast, at eight o'clock. My days were spent, as far as I could find time, in searching the Scriptures. I read nothing else all winter but my Bible, and a great deal of it seemed new to me. The whole Scriptures seemed to me all ablaze with light, and not only light, but it seemed as if God's word was instinct with the very life of God.

"After praying in this way for weeks and months, the thought that I might be deceiving myself, when it first occurred to me, stung me almost like an adder. It created a pang that I cannot describe. The passages of Scripture that occurred to me, in that direction, for a few months greatly increased my distress. But directly I was enabled to fall back upon the will of God. I said to the Lord, that if He saw that it was wise and best, and that His honor demanded that I should be left to be deluded and go down to hell, I accepted His will, and I said to Him, 'Do with me as seemeth Thee good.'

### Fuller Consecration.

"Just before this occurrence, I had a great struggle to consecrate myself to God in a higher sense than I had ever before seen to be my duty, or conceived as possible. I had often before laid my family upon the altar of God, and left them there to be disposed of at His discretion. But at this time, that I now speak of, I had a great struggle about giving up my wife to the will of God. She was in very feeble health, and it was evident that she could not live long. I had never before seen so clearly what is implied in laying her, and all that I possessed, upon the altar of God; and for hours I struggled upon my knees to give up, unqualifiedly, to the will of God. But I found myself un-

able to do it. I was so shocked and surprised at this that I perspired profusely with agony. I struggled, and prayed, and prayed, until I was exhausted, and still found myself unable to give altogether up to God's will, in such a way as to make no objection to His disposing of her as He pleased. But, as I said, I was enabled, after struggling a few moments with this discouragement and bitterness, which I have since attributed to the fiery dart of Satan, to fall back in a deeper sense than I had ever done before upon the infinitely-blessed and perfect will of God. I then told the Lord that I had confidence in Him; that I was perfectly willing to give myself, my wife and family, all to be disposed of according to His own wisdom. I then had a deeper view of

eracles of my mind. My prayers were swallowed up in the will of God. Of course, my mind was too full of the subject to preach anything except a full and present salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ. My soul was wedded to Christ in a sense which I had never had any thought or conception of before. That passage, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' meant so much. I could understand the prophet when he said, 'His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.'

### Greater Usefulness.

After this Mr. Finney was more useful than ever. He held revivals in Rochester, Birmingham, London, Bolton, and Boston. In the latter place it is estimated that not less than five thousand persons were converted. In these places the educated and more intelligent part of the community, as usual, were brought to Christ under his labors. While laboring in a certain town a friend of his showed him through a factory. He

tory should run.' The gate was immediately shut down, and the factory stopped; but where should we assemble? The superintendent suggested that the mule room was large, and the mules being run up, we could assemble there. We did so, and a more powerful meeting I scarcely ever attended. It went on with great power. The building was large, and had many people in it, from the garret to the cellar. The revival went through the mill with astonishing power, and in the course of a few days nearly all in the mill were hopefully converted."

### Divine Fellowship.

Of all the glorious work wrought there was, as we have already related, one grand secret-fellowship, close, constant, perfect, with God. He says:

"I shall never forget what a scene I passed through one day in my room at Dr. Lansing's. The Lord showed me, as in a vision, what was before me. He drew so near to me, while I was engaged in prayer, that my flesh literally trembled on my bones. I shook from head to foot, under a full sense of the presence of God. At first, and for a time it seemed more like being on the top of Sinai, amidst its full thunders, than in the presence of the cross of Christ.

"Never in my life that I recollect, was I so awed and humbled before God as then. Nevertheless, instead of feeling like fleeing, I seemed drawn nearer and nearer to God—seemed to draw nearer to that Presence which filled me with such unutterable awe and trembling. After a season of great humiliation before Him, there came a great lifting up. God assured me that He would be with me and uphold me; that no opposition should prevail against me; that I had nothing to do, in regard to all this matter, but to keep about my work, and wait for the salvation of God."

### The Peer of Ministers.

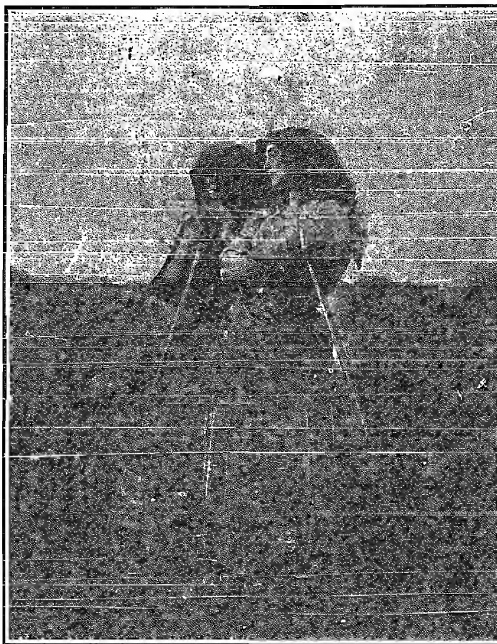
"We have heard the most celebrated ministers of the United States and Canada, and we regard Mr. Finney as the peer of them all. Like Saul, he was head and shoulders above all the men of his age. In person, he was tall and commanding. When roused in the pulpit there was as awful majesty in his appearance that at times made the heart stand still, and the people to tremble as by the terrors of an earthquake. He was possessed of an intellect of almost boundless versatility. He was a very Elijah in boldness and awfulness of denunciation. But in tenderness and love he was as the disciple that leaned on the bosom of Jesus. And, like these holy men, there will be none of his like to come after him.

"The power of the Holy Spirit upon him was equal to the greatness of the faculties inspired. The vastness of his sensibility caused him to feel the truth as if it were a consuming fire in his bones. Where others had but faint views, truth rose before him like mountains on mountains; such was the power of his perceptive faculties.

"His sympathy with Christ was as that of a twin brother. No marvel that he came among the people as a revelation from heaven; and no marvel that people came hundreds of miles to hear and witness the wonders of his revivals. He had the power of walking into men's consciences like an angel with a flaming sword. His ability to read the character of men was startling. Many a man was stricken under conviction by one look from these searching eyes. His sermons to Christians reveal his remarkable power of analysis. These sermons would sometimes drive nearly a whole church into the enquiry-room. In the realm of law and moral government, it is doubtful if his country has had his equal since the days of the elder Edwards. If you would know his logical powers, read his reviews of his reviewers. It was his logical reasoning that gave him such great success with lawyers.

"But transcending all else was his spiritual power. His experience in the heights and depths of the spiritual life was past description. Those mighty prayers that moved heaven and earth caused people to say, 'No matter what he wanted of God, he could get it for the asking.'"

He died Aug. 16, 1875, lacking two weeks of having completed his eighty-third year.



The End of the Day.

consecration to God than ever before. I spent

### A Long Time upon My Knees

considering the matter over, and giving up everything to the will of God; the interest of the church, the progress of religion, the conversion of the world, and the salvation or damnation of my own soul, as the will of God might decide. I went so far as to say to the Lord, with all my heart, that He might do anything with me or mine, to which His blessed will could consent; that I had such perfect confidence in His goodness and love as to believe He could consent to nothing to which I could object. I felt a kind of holy boldness, telling Him to do with me just as seemed to Him good. So deep and perfect a resting in the will of God I had never before known. My mind settled into perfect stillness. I seemed to be in a state of perfect rest, body and soul. The question frequently arose during the day, 'Do you still adhere to your consecration, and abide in the will of God?' I said, 'Yes, I take nothing back.' Nothing troubled me. I was neither elated nor depressed; I was neither joyful nor sorrowful. My confidence in God was perfect, and my mind was calm as heaven. Holiness unto the Lord seemed to be inscribed on all the ex-

ternal things of my mind. My prayers were swallowed up in the will of God. Of course, my mind was too full of the subject to preach anything except a full and present salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ. My soul was wedded to Christ in a sense which I had never had any thought or conception of before. That passage, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' meant so much. I could understand the prophet when he said, 'His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.'

The feeling spread through the factory. Mr. W., the owner of the establishment, was present, and seeing the state of things, he said to the superintendent, 'Stop the mill, and let the people attend to religion; for it is more important that our souls should be saved than that this fac-



## Every-Day Religion.

BY THE GENERAL.

## TRADE.

3. Beware of covetousness. By which I understand not only the desiring of other people's possessions, to which you have no right, but the longing after, the desire for, wealth, houses, lands, trade, or earthly things in general, for their own sake. It cannot be wrong to desire, and scheme, and toil for what are known as the necessities of life, either for ourselves, for those dependent upon us, or for those whose miseries constitute their only claim upon our assistance. We are sure that it is right and commendable to desire, with all our strength, the gifts and graces of God's Holy Spirit. For this we have the authority of the apostle, who tells us to "covet earnestly the best gifts."

But, having food and raiment, and yet be everlastingly yearning after more of this world's riches is evil, and only evil, and evil continually. The love of money, which must include the kindred things that money represents, is, says Paul, "the root of all evil," being the baldest form of selfishness of which we have any knowledge. We see it displayed, in its beginnings, in the children, before they have learned to distinguish good from evil. Take that babe in its mother's arms; there are two apples on the table, and you give it one, which is as much as its little hand will carry; but it wants the other—that is, it covets. It cares not that its elder sister wants it, has a right to it; nay, may be dying for it; all it knows is that the apple is there, it looks enticing, the child would like to have it, and therefore desires it.

That is covetousness in the child; but when we come to its grown-up brothers and sisters, we find a covetousness much more hateful and injurious. We find them, while possessed of the one apple, desiring the other also, although they know, which the child does not, that their elder sister will suffer may perhaps die, in consequence.

## BEWARE! BEWARE! BEWARE!

Beware of covetousness! God forbids it. He hates it. "Thou shalt not covet" is one of the great commandments of God.

Beware of covetousness! It is the author of endless heart-burnings, starvations, seductions, adulteries, suicides, and every other form of human misery. And among these miseries there stands out prominently the ruinous competition, the abominable slaveries and sweatings, so common in our day. "More business, and more business still!" is the cry, to gain which we must rob our neighbor of his customers by under-selling him; and, in order to produce our goods at a lower price, we must pay less wages. The neighbor, not willing to be beaten, and determined to keep his trade, and even get more, reduces prices again; and so the game of beggar-my-neighbor, and especially beggar the poor wretches who have to stitch, stitch, stitch from morning to night, goes on. For all this, covetousness is, at the bottom, largely responsible. Oh, my friends, having food and raiment, cannot you learn therewith to be content?

Beware of covetousness! It makes a hell in the human breast. Our Lord said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled"—satisfied. It might with truth be written, "Curled are they which do, with covetous eyes, hunger and thirst after the gold, and the silver, and the gains, and the praise, of this life; for the more they secure, the emptier shall they feel themselves to be; and the more they eat and drink of them, the further shall they be from satisfaction." Nay,

not only so, but the very desire shall harden their hearts and destroy what there was of kindly, and generous, and Godlike in their manhood, and womanhood, drying up the heart, and reducing them to mere things—machines—good for nothing but, like the horse-leech, to cry, "Give, give, give!"

and feeling the worse rather than the better for what they get.

4. Deal in good and useful articles. Don't sell rubbish if you can help it. You set on the principle laid down in the harrack, and in your salvation business generally. If a man comes to buy the truth about God, and sin, and heaven, and hell, and Calvary, or any other aspect of your glorious salvation, you give him the unadulterated article. Do your business, comrades, whoever you may be, on the same line.

(To be continued.)

## PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

A SALVATION ARMY VERSION.

BY CAPT. COPPERFIELD.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

## CHAPTER III.

The Pilgrims Enter the Gate.

UT when they got to that strip of moor, known as Devil's Discouragement, they all came to a standstill, for the place was as bad as ever. Indeed, it was worse, for some had been pretending to read it with arguments and creeds, and so had done more harm than good.

Here Mrs. Pilgrim and her children hesitated, but Mercy said, "Come, let us venture, for we can see the stepping-stones if we look for them." So they followed her, and got over safely, although once or twice they nearly staggered and fell. Then they seemed to hear a voice saying, "Blessed is he that believeth, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord."

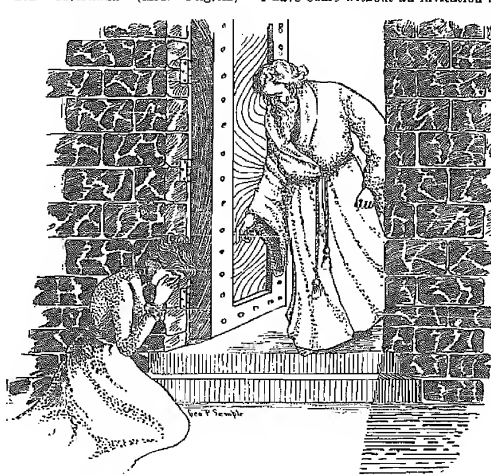
Then said Mercy to Mrs. Pilgrim, "If I was as sure of getting a welcome at the gate as what you are, no difficulties would discourage me."

So I saw, in my dream, that they went on together until they came to the gate, at which Mrs. Pilgrim, being the eldest, knocked, but for a while, none answered. Indeed, a large dog began to bark loudly, so they were afraid, and had a mind to go back, but feared that the door-keeper might see them, and be vexed. At length they knocked louder than before.

Then said the keeper of the gate, "Who is there?" So the dog ceased barking, and he opened the gate to them.

## The Gate is Opened.

Then Christiansa (Mrs. Pilgrim)



"Fear not, stand upon your feet, and let me see your face."

Mrs. Pilgrim. She got her's from the King, and I only got mine from her, therefore I fear it is no use."

Keeper: "Fear not, but stand upon your feet, and let me see your face. Did she desire you to come to this place with her?"

Mercy: "Yes, and so I came; and if there be any salvation to spare, I humbly pray that I may receive some."

Then he took her by the hand again, and led her in, saying, "We receive all who come, as long as they come with all their heart."

Kindly Spoken to.

Now were Christiansa and her children, and Mercy, received by the Lord, and kindly spoken to. When they said to Him, "We are truly sorry for all our sins," He replied, "I grant pardon, by word and deed; by word, in the promise of forgiveness; by deed, in the way I obtained it. Take the first from my lips with a kiss, and the other as it shall be revealed."

Now, I saw, in my dream, that He spoke many wonderful words to them, and gladdened their hearts. He also led them up to the top of the gate, and showed them by what deed they were saved, and told them they should see that sight again.

So He left them for a while in a summer parlor below, where they conversed together.

Mrs. Pilgrim was the first to speak, and said, "Praise the Lord for bringing us thus far!"

Mercy: "What must I say? I feel like leaping and dancing for joy!" Mrs. P.: "I was afraid, when we knocked at first, and there was no answer, that all our labor was lost, especially when that big dog barked."

M.: "But my worst fear was when I saw you admitted, and the door shut against me. These words came to my mind, 'Two women shall grind at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left.' I felt that I must knock again, or die, and so I knocked."

Mrs. P.: "And you did knock loudly. You startled us all. I thought you were going to come in by force, and would take the Kingdom by storm."

M.: "What did the keeper say—was he angry?"

Mrs. P.: "Not at all: he seemed rather pleased than otherwise, to see you were so much in earnest."

M.: "I wonder why he keeps the dog? If I get an opportunity I will ask him."

## Able to Deliver.

And she did, later in the day. He answered, "That dog has another owner; he is also kept close in another man's ground, only my pilgrims hear him barking, and are often frightened. Sometimes he has broken loose and worried my sheep; but since I can deliver them from the house, I can surely save them from the dog."

Then said Mercy, "You have satisfied my ignorance; I see that you do all things well."

Then Mrs. Pilgrim began to speak of the journey before them, and to enquire after the road. So he fed them, and washed their feet, and about His blessing, directed them about the way.

Then Christiansa sang this solo, and she and the others went their way—

"I'm a pilgrim bound for Glory,  
I'm a pilgrim going home;  
Come and hear me tell my story,  
All who love the Saviour, come."

I will tell you what induced me  
From my city to depart;  
'Twas the Saviour's love to Christia-  
Overcame and won my heart.

When I first commenced the journey,  
Neighbors said that I was wrong;  
How they all would die for envy  
If they could but hear my song.  
(To be continued.)

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing strong.—Phillips Brooks.

"A certain poor widow . . . threw in two mites, which make farthing. . . This poor widow has cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury."—Mark xii, 43.







# "THE SUMMER IS ENDED."

By EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.



**W**HAT a glorious season it has been since we felt the glow of the first Spring sun, chasing the snow-prints of Winter's feet. Every day has brought forth some additional beauty with which to drape the hills, or grace the valleys, or adorn the forests, or paint the sky. There is no season we can compare to Summer. It is the time when every wood and forest, dale and garden, thrill with the music from God's own orchestra. It is the time when flowers, wild and cultured, fill the air with a sweeter perfume than all the druggists of the earth can muster. It is the time when the kind Hand of Benevolence replenishes the storehouse from abundant harvest of grain and fruit. It is the time when the children find a very Heaven in the toy-things God has strewn in the meadows, or spread upon the shores of lake and sea; the time when the aged are wheeled into the garden, or sit in the doorway to give their blessing to the gladness of earth. The time when the sick, with their pale cheeks, are propped by the open window, to catch from the fingers of the morning the scattered rose tints. The time when the poor can get warmth without money for fuel, and light without spending on lamp-oil, and have their fields to wander in, and flowers to gather from, for which God pays the rent and meets the taxes. Oh, bright and glorious season, full of melody, happiness, and beauty!

To the Christian, all nature, the whole year round, is one continuous appeal from the Creator to the creature. He sees Omnipotence in every mountain, boundless mercy in every sea, resurrection in every bursting bud, and Calvary in every rugged tree; and when, as the evening upon which I write, autumnal fingers drag from the branches their leafy apparel, in early preparation for a snowy shroud, every leaf which flutters to the ground declares that life has gone, and death has come, while the chill winds from the North play the dirge, "The Summer is ended."

I would like to say, as I struggle to write 'mid the early shadows of the oncoming night, first, that

## SUMMER IS A TIME OF GREAT LIGHT.

It is, with us, the brightest and longest of any part of the year. It wakes us earliest in the morning and lingers longest with us in the evening. Too, it is most correct, being the clearest and also freest from shadows.

So it is with the Summer of the soul. How men have struggled to get away from these noon-day rays, shining straight from the sun of God. What early awakenings to a slumbering conscience they have brought. What great and burning truths upon the mile-stones of the downward track they have revealed. How they have caught the very promises, and warnings, and entreaties from the Bible, and in sunbeams spun them across your way, that, although you would not read the blessed Book for yourself, you should know what God has said.

Light is sight, and reveals to the mind through the naked eye what no language could ever convey. You might talk for ever to a blind man in explanation of the difference between pink and blue, and he would be none the wiser; but take away the darkness of his blindness, and let him see, and he immediately knows all about it, and can never forget it. Light from Heaven has come through the darkness of your blind eyes, and shown you that which no minister, or child of His, could ever do. It has shown you yourself and state, just as you are, as Summer shows us nature. Autumnal tints, however pretty, are deceptive, and bear in their rich colorings in truth but the evidences of decay. The flushed glory is, in reality, nature's last rally before the dying of the year. It is only in Summer we see the earth as it truly is. So with the Summer which has passed over your soul—

## YOU CAN NEVER FORGET IT.

Your own mother, who loved you dearly, even when she was dying, could not have told you half so clearly just where you were wrong as it did do; the sin that has cursed you, the companion or companions who have entangled you and dragged

you into a thousand evil practices which, apart from them, you would have escaped. The neglected duties to home and children, the husband or the wife; the promises, beautiful and sacred, the best and highest utterances of your life, made, perhaps, by the marriage altar, perhaps on your knees when the sun of Christ's face turned your tears into jewels; perhaps on your way through the cemetery, when every thud of the iron bell beat regret and repentance out of your soul. Beautiful promises—some to God—some to God and men—they would have turned the whole course of your life and piled up rewards, and palms, and crowns for you after death if they had been kept, but they were broken! What a dark agony their memory makes in the heart as the light of Heaven brings them up, one by one, and you shrink from the torturing truths they declare. As it is in the nature of an inflamed eye to close from the brightness of day, so men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil, and men condemn and call cruel the revelations which show them their true condition, forgetting God's light is kind. He shows us our sins that He may wash them away; gives us to feel how low down we are that He may lift us up, and reveals the perils and dangers which overtake us on our wayward journey that He may draw us to the place of safety made in His wounds.

Tossed on the troubled waters of a moonless sea, two boat-loads of bewildered, terrified seamen told a shipwreck's awful tale. The waves which had lashed their abandoned vessel, and left her to sink upon the hidden reef, foretold little mercy for the smaller crafts with their freight of immortal souls. Great cross-seas and unwarning ground-swells threatened every moment to swamp the little boats. But the worst of all, in the blackness of the night, to steer a true and safe course became an impossibility. Suddenly, when the waves seemed highest, and destruction surest, lights, bright and many, gleamed forth around them, and, to the seamen's delight, they found that they were in phosphorescent waters—each perilous wave being crested with a radiance which robbed it of its surest doom, for, though the breakers were cruel, and rocks and shoals spread danger all around, by taking their course from the lights which rested upon the breasts of their destroyers, the perils were escaped, and the fragile skiffs steered safely into harbor.

Oh, sinner, I beseech you by all the entreaties of which I am capable, to heed that light which has burst in upon your darkness and danger, and created the very waves of your destruction. By its directions you can steer straight for the eternal harbor. You are responsible for it, and for it you will have to answer. You may not be to blame for certain misfortunes which attended your childhood, or disadvantages connected with your bringing-up, and the little knowledge of the Bible and religious matters your education embraced, but for every ray of light, for every Summer sunbeam which has lit on Sunday-School hymn, mother's tear, wife's entreaty, or coffin inscription, showing the way from sin and death to righteousness and Heaven you are responsible for, and I say can any pen write or lip describe the great ocean of seething agony which will beat against your soul when, from the haffling gloom of the passage of death you look back upon all this light, and cry in the despair of a departing spirit, "The Summer is ended!"

Secondly, I would like to say,

## SUMMER IS A TIME OF GREAT THIRST.

Round the one simple word, "Water," the parched throat of man, and beast, and bird, and drooping tendril of grass, and flower, and tree hang untold magic; and fountains are taxed, and cisterns drained, and dew and shower craved to slake all nature's universal thirst. So in the soul, however barren, there come the seasons when the dearth of its own desolation awakes a terrible thirst.

While the world has treated you well, and society has praised, and your business has prospered, and the stocks have brought in good dividends, and the home has been full of luxury, and the

children well and strong, then you may have found it easy to dispense with God and goodness, and join hands, and dance, and make merry with the unbeliever. You argued it was unwise to be too particular with what class you mixed, or as to who should be your friends, and gave happily and generously to the questionable, the gay, and the godless. But things changed, or something happened which changed you and your feelings very considerably—your fortune perished, and with it the good opinion of those on whose shallow friendship you tried to feed your spirit; or perhaps slander got on your track, and people pointed at the cottage in which you lived; or the heavy feet of death found the nursery, and tarried by the cot of the sweetest lamb of the fold; or your boy, the first-born, in whom you centred all your hopes, turned out a prodigal; or maybe health suddenly failed, and where you used to leap up the staircase, now you have to hold to the banister; or perhaps the flowers, the fields, and the skies never seem so fair because the eyes which used to rest upon them with yours slept in the cradle of the grave long ago. I do not know, and so I cannot say which happening mantled in black the sky in your case and rumpled the thunders of startling forebodings o'er your head, but I know it was a hot day of trial, and the thirst came on—thirst for the knowledge of some treasure above, when all that could be heard of the business was crash! crash! Thirst for the unchanging comfort and all-able protection of Him, Who was more than Parent when mother died. I heard of a little girl the other day, who was being dressed to attend the funeral of her mother. When the black truck was brought, the child cried, "Oh, don't dress me in black; put me a white dress on, and tie my hair with white ribbon, and let me wear white shoes—all in white—I shall be so much more like the land where mother has gone."

Oh, in the heat of that affliction, was not this the thirst of your parched soul? Did you want any more of the fashions of the world, the looks of the world, or the wrongs of the world? Did its charms have any fascination for you? Could its empty gables dry the holling tears? Did not every want found within your broken heart voice, "Let my soul be clad in the robe of righteousness, my brow wear the crown of peace, and my feet put on the preparations of the Gospel, that, all in white, I may be more like the land where my loved one has gone?" Oh, beautiful thirst, born of the hot day of trial to drive us to God. Is the Summer to end with you still unsaved?

Thirdly, these words are fitting to those who have passed through great spiritual experiences without profit. As Summer is

## THE SEASON WHEN THE RAYS OF THE SUN ARE MOST DIRECT

upon the earth, so our spiritual Summer is when the soul is brought into most direct contact with God and salvation. I have heard people speak very strongly against excitement, or even emotion, when associated with the conversion of the soul. They say it is likely to make a man set too quickly in a matter requiring so much time and thought, and that it is wrong of those who are engaged in soul-saving work to rush men over such an important step. The other day, in a railway car, a gentleman spoke to me in this way: he said that he did not believe in taking that step in haste. I replied I thought that was the only way to take it; that "the King's business required haste," and that I did not think a man could be too quick in getting his soul lifted from the cesspool of iniquity into the springs of purity; that sin is like disease, the longer it is with us the more complete its destruction. I said, "If, on your return to-night, the sky was bright with the reflection of a great fire, and you heard the roaring of the wind in conflict with flame and timber, and on turning the corner of your street you saw that the crowd had gathered around, and the hose was playing upon your own house, one thought would run like burning lava through your brain—it would be the wife and children within. The number of seconds it would take to get your feet from the top of that street to the bottom, where your home stood, would not be many. With your face pale with excitement and horror, and wet with the sweat of haste, you would rush right in. You would know the passages, and the rooms, and just where each little face lay. The onlookers would say you were excited. Of course you would be, and

(Continued on page 13.)



## →\*GLIMPSSES OF THE PAST.\*←

### Presentation of the First Army Flag by Mrs. General Booth.

Comrades, before reading this article, let your minds go back to those early days, when a few men and women went out into the world, to become a peculiar people for Christ's sake. Some people still laugh and wonder at our adoption of military ways. But think what it must have been when for the first time a religious order called themselves soldiers, and then picture the excitement that was caused at Coventry when the Mission Workers became soldiers of the Salvation Army, and announced that Mrs. Booth was going to present them with a flag, round which they were to rally and fight.

#### The First Flag Carefully Kept and Nursed.

The woman leader was bewildered, knowing as she did nothing of military matters. What were the colors to be? What had she to do? No one could tell her—no one knew—in the rush, no time to find out, so she trusted to God to pull her through the ordeal. The sister was told that she was to take the greatest care of the colors, and to get a cover made for them. Not having the least idea how the flag was to be used, and very nervous that it might get spoiled, she took such care of it that it was never used. Only left in a corner, wrapped up.

#### The Size of a Pocket Handkerchief.

The flag, about the size of a gentleman's pocket handkerchief, was presented to the woman leader before a vast crowd.

As Mrs. General Booth entered the building, a crowd of men and women greeted her; tiers of people immediately in front, and on the left and on the right. Singular of construction, and marvelously adapted for crowding, was that factory. The place seemed full, and yet for an hour people poured in and stowed themselves away, joining in a moment in the happy swing. They went and sang in turns, and sometimes both, while Mrs. Booth explained the meaning of the Yellow, Red, and Blue, and of the motto, "Blood and Fire." The following day, Mrs. Booth, standing on a form, holding the flag, addressed an immense crowd in the open air. A poor drunkard confessed that as he saw her standing there, and heard her burning words, he felt he must rush forward and give himself to God. This brother, now on the verge of eternity, never tires of telling how God's message came to him through our Army mother, and we believe that till the very end that picture of Mrs. Booth, holding our first flag, will be before his eyes.

#### The Salvation Factory and Our First Spire.

Up to this time our woman leader and her fellow-workers had carried on the work against great difficulties, holding the meetings in a theatre, a pork shop, sometimes in a kitchen, and now and then in a mission hall; still they had been greatly blessed, gaining for God many wonderful trophies: drunkards, pigeon-flyers, swearers, gamblers, unbelievers. Their followers had increased so greatly that the General felt the great need of a fixed place of worship, so the factory was taken at the cost of £600. The Factory was the most wonderful place of property we ever acquired, seats for 1,200 on the main floor, where the meetings were held, and room to seat 1,500 at least. The floor below contains an evangelists' home, and a number of rooms where a whole school of prophets might live. The main portion of the basement is a room where 400 at a time can comfortably sit down to tea. There is a garden, a yard, and a tall chimney (our first spire).

#### A Christian Mission Program.

The program announcing the opening runs as follows (those were on large posters put about the town):—

Saturday, 28th, 6.30 p.m.

#### WILLIAM BOOTH, THE GENERAL OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

Will publicly enter the town at the head of the 35th (Coventry) Corps.

#### AND WILL MARCH TO THE SALVATION FACTORY.

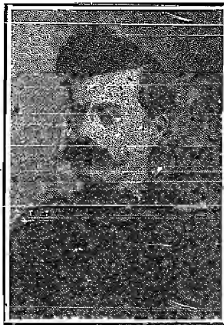
Meadow Park Street, in which they will pray for the blessing of God on all who have heard the Gospel there, and for a glorious opening of the large Factory.

7 p.m.—March to the great Factory, which will be opened by the General, when all who have been blessed since the Army entered Coventry will be invited to relate their experiences.

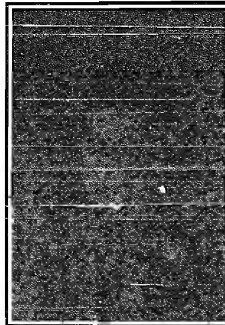
Sunday, 6 a.m.—The troops will rally at the Cemetery gates and march to the Factory, where at 7 a.m. there will be a grand Salvation concert. 10.30 a.m.—The forces will encamp on Pool Meadow, where throughout the morning the kingdom of the devil will be attacked vigorously on all sides. 2 p.m.—The forces will assemble at Gosford Green and march to the Factory. 2.45 p.m.—The Factory doors will be opened, and all who wish to be seated are recommended to be there then. 3 p.m.—The troops will enter the Factory and at once go through their exercises of

prayer. They will be addressed also by the General and a number of veterans of the Army from London, Leicester, Bradford, Leeds and other places. 4.15 p.m.—Tea will be provided for strangers from a distance. 5.30 p.m.—The troops will meet at the Cemetery gates and march along streets to be named in the afternoon to the Factory. 6.15 p.m.—The doors of the Factory will be opened. 6.30 p.m.—The troops will enter, and all the rebels against the King of Kings will be attacked by a number of the best marksmen present. If necessary, the lower part of the Factory will also be thrown open to the public, and detachments of the Army sent to carry on the war there.

Monday, 10 a.m.—"Pentecost" at the Factory. 2 p.m.—Warriors of the 1st (Whitechapel), 2nd (Bethnal Green), 4th (Limehouse), 17th (Hammer Smith), 18th (Chatham), 13th (Wellington), 22nd (Leicester), 35th (Coventry), 32nd (Sheffield), 45th (Barnsley), 21st (Leeds), 24th (Bradford), 35th (Bolton), 49th (Northwich) Corps of the Army are expected to attend and relate the wonderful battles and victories they have seen. Telegrams from all parts of the country relating to the conquests of the Sunday will be read out. 5 p.m.—Grand public tea in the basement of the Factory. Tickets 6d each. 6 p.m.—The Grand march through main streets to the Factory. 6.45 p.m.—The doors will be opened. 7 p.m.—Troops will enter and take up position reserved for them, reopening the attack of the previous evening. The basement will also be used if necessary. Recruits will be wanted by the hundred!



Adj. and Mrs. Burrows.



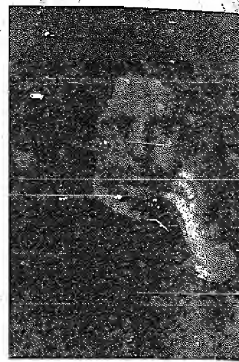
### United Under the Flag.

Adj. Burrows and Capt. Bowers Cross the Border—An Interesting Ceremony Conducted by the Chief Secretary.

As the vast crowd filed into the Temple, one could easily discern that something special was going to take place. The officers of the city could be seen rushing hither and thither, carrying out their different duties, and with few exceptions everybody seemed in excellent spirits for the occasion. Major Pickering, our worthy P. O., gave out the opening song, "He's the Lily of the Valley," and just as the lines were given, "He'll never leave me," the bridal party, accompanied by Colonel Jacobs and Major Collier, came to the platform. Talk about volcanic eruptions, the blast of instruments and volleys were most deafening. After the calm, and the song was finished, Mrs. Colonel Jacobs and Staff-Capt. Stanyon prayed fervently for God's blessing upon the service, and the lives that were about to be united. The Headquarters' Male Quartet was then called upon to sing one of their taking songs, "A way over yonder on the hill-top," which was enjoyed so much that it was found necessary to repeat the same. Colonel Jacobs then rose to speak, and was greeted with much hand-clapping and volleys. The Colonel spoke in eulogistic terms of both Adj. Burrows and Capt. Bowers, and stated that he had strong objections to marrying children. The Colonel considered that

Adj. Burrows was no Spring chicken. He was an officer of twelve years' standing, and Capt. Bowers had also seen six years of faithful service as an officer. The Colonel endeavored to impress all present with the solemnity of the marriage service. After the Scripture lesson, the articles of Marriage were read, and the Colonel said that if the Adjutant and Captain did not wish to be married on these lines he would ask them to remain seated, and the Staff Band would play. At the words, "Stand forward," the bride and groom were promptly in their places. The "I will's" were said in a very mild tone, but resolutely. The bride's face was beaming with smiles, which indicated that she was well pleased with the bargain. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," was uttered by the Colonel, and two lives were made one. After the Colonel had committed them to God, the groom, in a most tender manner, saluted the bride, and took his seat with a look of serene satisfaction on his face.

Mr. Gordon, the father of Mrs. Colonel Jacobs, from Macduff, Scotland, who has been visiting his daughter, was then called upon to speak, and gave some good advice to the newly-wedded couple. Mr. Gordon was favorably impressed with the work the Army was accomplishing for the souls and bodies of the masses. After a beautiful selection from the famous Staff Band, Staff-Captain Morris was called upon to speak. The Staff-Captain said he believed that Adj. and Mrs. Burrows were Salvationists in the truest sense of the word. He had known the Adjutant for many years, in fact, "they were boys together." He predicted for the newly-mar-



Catherine Booth.

ried couple a blessed and useful future.

Staff-Capt. Stanyon spoke next, and unlike Staff-Capt. Morris, did not meet the Adjutant when a boy, but "met when small." The Staff-Captain assured the Adjutant that Mrs. Burrows could cook a good meal. He believed that Adj. and Mrs. Burrows had proved themselves to be devoted Salvationists. After the singing of a salvation song by the H. Q. Male Chorus, Major Pickering read letters of congratulation from the Lisgar St. and Barrie corps. The bride was then called upon, and said she had given her heart to God when quite young. She loved the Army, and proved God's grace sufficient in the past, and still purposed to work for the advancement of His Kingdom. The groom was next to speak. "Louder," shouted someone from the audience. The Adjutant, raising his voice somewhat, said that he was exceedingly happy thus far in his experience of married life. He was converted through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army fifteen years ago in Yorkville, and never felt like making any apology for being a Salvationist. He was thankful to God for Mrs. Burrows; he was first impressed by her godly life. He intended their future to be spent for God.

Major Pickering, with many fitting remarks, said that he hoped their future would eclipse the past, and after some good straight talk to the unsaved, brought to a close, as the Adjutant would say, one of the happiest events of his life.—W. J. W.

### HOUSE PLANTS FOR THE WINTER.

The best time to get decorative plants to be grown indoors during the winter, is early in September. At that season artificial heat and light, moist temperature have been dispensed with, and plants are growing more naturally than at any other time of the year. There are but few which one can expect to grow well in the house in winter. The aspidistra is a plant which cannot be killed by ordinary neglect. Give it all the water it needs, an occasional application of fertilizer, and a reasonable amount of light. The agave is a stately plant, and a well-grown specimen always attracts attention. For the hall it will be found quite as ornamental as a palm. Because of the semi-succulent nature of the foliage it will not require much water except when it is growing. Asparagus Sprengeri is another plant which grows as well for the veriest amateur as it does for the owner of a greenhouse. Plant it in a soil of rich loam, and give it a liberal allowance of water, grow it in, and a shady place to grow in, and a frequent shower-bath. Begonias are not often classed among the very robust plants, but there is one variety which I have found sure to grow well under difficulties. This variety is B. argentea guttata. Give it a soil of sandy loam, well drained. Be careful not to over-water, but shower it frequently.—Edwin B. Rexford, in the Ladies' Home Journal for September.



### Reaper

Amberst, were favorably D. being fine, trip around Amberst, enjoying the make read. The hand open-air w side was p interested Adjutant's or." His o the people up ber all were also from Cade pleased to

One Barre, v had a vi Turner, a Poole, w much. M. goids rem Sunday a the cross. to Ensigns bravely in months. friends be H.

Four Blenhe with a vi Jordac, o stopped o We had eest is bel Four requ a week a friend pr with cur Lord is k Ina Gro 8

Bothwe Lieut. W with us o had a ve was at w are belie Salvati

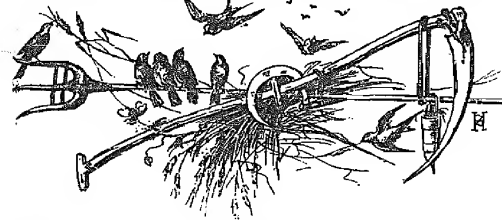
Bracoh victory. siders o who was came to to God.—

Bonavi comrades God un sought t On Sun were cal very ich and befo of accl ledge of ew, Lie F

Brand weeks t ing. Fy washes sought We all Wynn's holding grace.—

Burlin and four Fraise h is ragin jolcing, revival.





## Reapers' Reports from Our Harvest Field.

### The D. O.'s Visit.

Amherst, N. S.—On Tuesday we were favored with a visit from our worthy D. O., Adjt. Byers. The day being fine, the Adjutant proposed a trip around the beautiful town of Amherst. After a few hours spent in enjoying the sights, we returned to make ready for the night's meeting. The band was out in full force; the open-air was good; the meeting inside was powerful, and the crowd was interested from start to finish. The Adjutant's subject was, "Jacob's prayer." His talk went to the hearts of the people, and one dear sister gave up her all and came to Jesus. We were also favored with a flying visit from Cadet Colwell, whom we were pleased to see again.—Eastern Star.

### One Soul at the Cross.

Barre, Vt.—On Wednesday last we had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Turner, and Capt. Reynolds and Phoebe, which we all enjoyed very much. Mrs. Turner and Capt. Reynolds remained for the week-end. On Sunday afternoon one soul came to the cross. Last week we said farewell to Ensign McLean, who has fought bravely in our midst for the past six months. She won for herself many friends here. God bless her!—C. L. H.

### Four Requests for Prayer.

Blenheim.—We have been favored with a visit from our old friend, Capt. Jordan, also Ex-Capt. Fisher, who stopped over for the soldiers' meeting. We had a blessed time. Great interest is being manifested by the unsaved. Four requests for prayer were made a week ago Sunday night. Some kind friend presented Capt. Grumbridge with curtains for the quarters, and the Lord is kindly supplying all our needs.—Ina Jroom.

### Specials from London.

Bothwell.—Capt. Patterson and Lieut. Webber, from London, were with us on Saturday and Sunday. We had a very nice time. God's Spirit was a work, but no one yielded. We are believing for victory.—M. C.

### Salvation While Passing Through.

Braeburn.—We are able to report victory. On Sunday night two backsliders came to Jesus. Another man, who was passing through the town, came to the meeting and gave himself to God.—Capt. Jas. Marshall.

### Saved While Visiting.

Bonaville.—Since last report four comrades have taken their stand for God under the flag, and four have sought the blessing of a clean heart. On Sunday, while at knee-drill, we were called to visit a woman who was very sick and anxious about her soul, and before leaving her we had the joy of seeing her brought to the knowledge of sins forgiven.—S. J. Matthews, Lieut.

### Fourteen at Jesus' Feet.

Brandon.—During the last two weeks the mercy-drops have been falling. Five have proved that our Lord washes away sins of years, and nine sought the blessing of a clean heart. We all felt very sad at Mrs. Ensign Wynne's loss, and every comrade is holding her up before the throne of grace.—A. R. B.

### A Revival.

Burlington.—Five souls have sought and found Jesus during the past week. Praise the Lord for ever! The devil is raging, but God's children are rejoicing. We are in the midst of a revival.—Capt. May Lang.

### The Latest—Saved at Eighty-Six.

Comfort Cove.—We have a real devil to fight, but we are pleased to say that God is our sufficiency. Our latest convert is an old gentleman eighty-six years of age. The most of our men are away to the fishery, therefore our crowds are not as large as usual, but we are believing for better times in the near future.—A. Newhok, Lieut.

### Father and Daughter Saved.

Cornwall.—We had a hard fight on Sunday, from 7 a.m. until late at night, but the Lord gave us the victory. The holiness meeting was well attended, and some old soldiers were present who hadn't been to a holiness meeting for quite a time. The Adjutant spoke very forcibly, and Capt. Bloss soloed. On Sunday afternoon Sister Douglas spoke of the time when it was a cross to sell War Cry, and said that now she felt it a pleasure, whereupon the Adjutant presented her with a bundle of Cry, which she kindly supplied the people with. The night meeting was a struggle, but we were quite confident that the Lord would come to our help. As we were singing the last chorus three walked out to the penitent form, two being a father and his daughter. The Cornwall soldiers are all right, and we are in for securing our H. F. target—Captain Binas.

### Preparations for H. F.

Dauphin.—Several prisoners have been captured recently, and are proving true to God. Capt. Flaws has fared well and gone on triumph. The Captain spent nine months here, and proved a mighty blessing to both saint and sinner. We miss him very much, and earnestly pray that he shall be restored to health and strength again. We are just making preparations for the H. F. effort, and we mean to get our target—"Heck."

### Debt Gone—Souls Saved.

Eastport.—God is in a wonderful manner blessing and helping us, both financially and spiritually. The debt of \$50 has been swept away, and souls are seeking and finding that God is able to deliver from the guilt and power of sin. One soul last Sunday night, after trying for satisfaction in the so-called pleasures of sin, cried to God for mercy, and has since taken his stand on the side of right. Last night two more followed, and others were almost persuaded. Praise God for victory, we still go on determined to do our best for the extension of His Kingdom.—Lieut. B. Duncan.

### Salvation at Eighty-One.

Feverisham Circle.—Since last report three souls have sought pardon at Jesus' feet. Last Sunday was a day of victory. In the afternoon meeting a Methodist minister's son, eighty-one years of age, sought salvation. As our dear aged brother came from the back seat, and knelt at Jesus' feet, many were moved to tears. The following Tuesday, when I called on him, he met me saying, "I am happy, a soldier of the Cross, and I intend to become a soldier of the Salvation Army, because God wants me to be." Praise the Lord! All may come and share in the glory of this salvation. We had a good crowd on Sunday night; the enemy's forces trembled, and God came very near and wounded the hearts of many. Our prayer is that He may give us greater victories in the near future.—C. H. Quaffie, Lieut.

### Harvest Festival Victories.

Ingersoll.—God has indeed been blessing us of late, and we feel more

determined to fight the old devil. Our week-end meetings have been very well attended, and we thank God a number have been converted. Last Sunday night, after a hard day's fighting, and we were about to give up, a dear brother who had wandered from God, came back to the fold. During the last two or three weeks we have had Corps-Cadet Eva Simpson, from Guelph, with us, and have enjoyed her visit very much. She is a good little musician, and have indeed enjoyed her music, both brass and string. Last Sunday night she gave us a cornet solo. She was indeed a blessing and inspiration to us. We are just entering into our Harvest Festival with all our soul. Victory is our motto.—B. Flat.

### Facing the Storm.

Leviston.—We can report victory. We are facing the storm, with Jesus as our Captain, and we believe for a brighter future, and a glorious campaign in this place.—Wallace Sumpter.

### The German Sailor-Soldier.

Lunenburg.—We are still advancing. Crowds and income are good, and the comrades are determined to win. Ensign Parker gave us a lantern service, which was much enjoyed. Capt. Miller and Lieut. Fraser, from Bridgewater, united with us on Tuesday night, and we had a grand open-air and inside meeting. A German sailor, who is also a Salvation Army soldier, has just arrived by vessel, and marched with us in the Army uniform. A great crowd gathered around to hear him sing in the German language. This was very much appreciated by the Lunenburg people. He left next morning for the Training Home in Newfoundland. Our prayers follow him. Let the storm rage, we have nailed our colors to the mast, and cannot go back.—Capt. T. McWilliams.

### In the Valley.

Merchantman's Harbor, Labrador.—Although being separated from the comrades at home, we are going in for victory. We had a wonderful day on the 23rd of June. Between fifty and sixty vessels were all in a place called Quirpon, and while some were seeking pleasure and enjoyment, our flag was hoisted on a high hill, so that all around could see it, and a few of God's children gathered in the valley for a holiness meeting. In a short time groups of people could be seen standing and sitting around us listening to the old, old story. The afternoon and night meetings were times of power. While the soldiers and Methodist people, from different parts of Newfoundland, told of the wonderful power of God, and His love to the poor sinner, it seemed a very solemn time. Although we did not see any visible results, we believe there was a work done that will stand the test when our work shall be tried.—Onlooker.

### Her Kind Words Brought Tears.

Musquod.—On Wednesday last we had a visit from Capt. Chas. and Healer, of Helena, the former leading the meetings. The open-air drew a large crowd, and our prayer is that the meeting will start some of them to think where they are going to spend eternity. When we arrived at the hall, we found quite a number waiting to hear what the officers from Helena had to say. After a short rest, testimonies from a number of the comrades, Capt. Healer read the lesson and made a very strong appeal to the unconverted. Her kind words brought tears to the eyes of many. At the Friday night holiness meeting two came forward for a closer walk with God.—J. H. F. R. C.

### At a Moment's Notice.

Newcastle, N. B.—During the last five months our experience has varied. Two months we were at Dartmouth, then your humble servant took sick, and after resting two months at Halifax, we got a pro tem appointment to Newcastle. We find the soldiers and friends nothing short of kindness to self, and are ever ready to lend a hand to anything. God bless them! I don't remember ever striking a corps before where so many could be depended upon to sing a solo at a moment's notice. Sergt-Major Trendwell surely must have a solo mine, consequently wherever we are always pleased to have Mrs. Charlie Cameron, from Glace Bay, with us for a time. She is a blood-and-fire warrior of the right kind.—G. P. Thompson.

### Two Sought Pardon.

Ottawa.—Sunday we had a real blessed day in the service of the Master. We realized His presence in our midst, convicting of sin. Two precious souls sought pardon for their wrong-doing in the night meeting. Two specials were with us, who helped us in the fight. Sergt-Major Colley, of Montreal, and Bandsman Christinas, of Kingston, being on vacation, spent four days with us. Mrs. Kondall has returned from her furlough to the front of the battle, stronger in health. Praise God for the droppings. We pray that we may receive the showers and many more souls in the fountain.

### Prayer Did It.

Pictou.—God was with us on Sunday. At night Mrs. Adjt. Kendall assisted Capt. Hickman with the meeting, and two precious souls stepped from darkness into light. One brother felt for some time that he should get right with God, but the way was blocked so he could not start. He prayed every night for a week that God would give him courage, and on Sunday night came and proved that He could save to the uttermost. Our dear leader, Ensign Fugh, is very ill with typhoid fever. Let us all pray that God will soon restore him.—Lillie Love.

### Ready for M. F.

Prince Albert.—We are having a summer revival here. After four weeks' fighting we can report victory. Three souls have sought the Saviour. All the soldiers are on fire for the Master. The corps is in the command of Capt. N. Myers, an officer of long experience in the Army work, and one who has the interest of the Kingdom at heart. We are still praying and believing that a mighty work will be done, and that souls will be won for God. Everyone is ready to raise his target for Harvest Festival.—Hallelujah Frontman.

### After Eight Years' Wanderings.

Ridgetown.—After over a week's hard fighting without officers, our labors were rewarded on Sunday night by a backslider, who was a Candidate for the work some eight years ago, kneeling at the Cross for salvation. On Saturday night we welcomed our new officers, Capt. and Mrs. Huntlar. The Captain's singing and playing attracts large crowds in the open air.—Cand. F. Talcott.

### Crowded to the Doors.

Riverside.—We had a wonderful time on Sunday. Staff-Capt. Archibald conducted the meetings. The Staff-Captain spoke well, and the meetings were enjoyed by all. The hall was crowded to the doors, and the Spirit of God abode with the people. We all give the Staff-Captain a hearty invitation back again.—C. C. McCarney.

### Three at the Mercy Seat.

Somerser, Ber.—On Sunday, Aug. 25th, Cand. White, from the city, was with us for the day, and we had a glorious time. The power of God was felt in our meetings, and at night our hearts were cheered by seeing three precious souls kneeling at the Mercy Seat crying for pardon. We are believing for grand times in the near future.—C. E. Harrison, Sec.

### Twenty-Six Seekers.

St. John's I.—We can report twenty six souls for the past two weeks. The God be all the glory! On Sunday night we had a real old-time meeting the glory came down in showers, the flood-gates of the fountain of life were opened, and sixteen souls plunged in for cleansing. We finished up about halfpast eleven, feeling tired, but happy.—J. W.

### Ten Souls Seek Salvation.

St. John's II.—Sunday was a real heaven below to both saint and sinner. We rejoiced over one soul in the afternoon meeting, seeking salvation, and at night nine more precious souls knelt at the Mercy Seat. The comrades danced for joy. Look out for greater things in the near future.—Walter Legg.

### Six Wanderers Returned.

Sydney.—We have had the joy recently of seeing many backsliders return to the fold. Last week was one of victory. Six wanderers returned to their Father's house, Hallelujah.—E. Walter Legg.

Catherine Booth.

a blessed and useful fu-

St. Stanoy spoke next, and at Capt. Morris, did not Adjutant when a boy, but small." The Staff-Captain Adjutant that Mrs. Bur- cook a good meal. He at Adj. and Mrs. Burrows themselves to be devoted to. After the singing of a song by the H. Q. Major Pickering read letters of consolation from the Liggar St. corps. The bride was then, and said she had given in God when quite young. He Army, and proved God's lent in the past, and still o work for the advance- is Kingdom. The groom speak. "Londer," shouted on the audience. The aining his voice somewhat, is was exceedingly happy his experience of married as converted through the ally of the Salvation Army s agn in Yorkville, and e making any apology for valantinist. He was thank- Mrs. Burrows; he was sed by her godly life. His air future to be spent for eaking, with many fitting id that he hoped their d eclipse the past, and ad- ood straight talk to the ough to a close, as the ould say, one of the hap- of his life.—W. J. W.

### PLANTS FOR THE WINTER.

time to get decorative grown indoors during the early in September. At artificial heat and light, erature have been dis- and plants are growing ly than at any other time There are but few which ect to grow well in the itor. The aspidistra is a cannot be killed by ordi- Give it all the water it occasional application of 1 a reasonable amount of agave is a sturdy plant, own specimen always at- lon. For the hell it will ite as ornaments as a use of the semi-succulent foliage it will not re- water except when it is paragon Sprengerii is an- which grows as well for mater as it does for the greenhouse. Plant it in loam, and give it a lib- e of water when it needs lace to grow in, and a ver-bath. Begonias are sed among the very ro- but there is one variety found sure to grow well- tus. This variety is B. tata. Give it a soil of vell drained. Be careful- ater, but shower it fre- n. B. Rexford, in the Journal for September.



## Daily Readings.

## SUNDAY.

He placed at the east of the garden a flaming sword . . . to keep the way of the tree of life.—Gen. iii. 24.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.—Rev. ii. 7.

The eating of the tree of life was forbidden yesterday; it is to be made allowable to-morrow. Can a thing be wrong yesterday and right to-morrow? Yes, if the change in the day has brought a change in me. Many a fruit is bad for a child which is good for a man. Why? Because the child has overcome something; he has a better constitution than the child. God forbids the tree of life to the first man; am I to follow in His step of prohibition? No, for God Himself has reversed that step for the coming man. . . . Jesus, it is the steps of Thy spirit I am to follow. It may be that I can serve Thee best today by following the route opposite to that of Thy disciples. They had to give up the world; the surrender of the world was their burden. But I would no longer be my burden. O Lord! My temptation is to get away from the tree of daily life—to escape its duties, to ignore its responsibilities. Their cross was the giving up of the tree; my cross is the climbing of the tree, the eating of the tree. It is the same spirit, but new steps. Thou art calling me to a larger contract with the world's tree; but it is not that I may get less of Thy cross; it is that I may get more. The tree of earthly life has ceased to be bad for me, because it has ceased to be selfish. It has become my cross—to be borne for Thee; my weight—to be carried for Thee. Thou hast lifted the restrictions to my service. Thou hast enlarged the limits to my burden. Only to my love hast Thou opened the earthly gates; my right to the world's tree is my power for the world's cross.

## MONDAY.

Moses said unto God, Who am I that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt? Behold, when I come unto the children of Israel . . . what shall I say unto them? But, hehold, they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice. . . . I am slow of speech.—Ex. iii. 11, 13, iv. 1, 10.

How many a Christian pilgrim would never have seen anything of the spiritual manna, and the spiritual stream from the rock, had God listened to him, when, with fear and trembling, he besought Him not to lead him into a desert.

## TUESDAY.

God . . . will relier to . . . them who by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory and honor, and immortality, eternal life.—Rom. ii. 5, 6, 7.

It is most important that we should understand that no mere moment, no isolated act of choice, under a pressure of temptation, settles destinies. The quiet, undisturbed years decide the matter for the moment when the election is finally and openly made. It takes years to give a form and bent to a character. Temperament we are born with, character we have to make; and that not in the grand moments, when the eyes of men are vitally upon us, but in the daily, quiet paths of pilgrimage, when the work is being done within in secret which will be revealed in the daylight of eternity. Habits, like paths, are the result of constant actions. It is the multitude of daily footsteps that go to and fro which shapes them.

## WEDNESDAY.

Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse; a blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God . . . and a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments of the Lord your God.—Deut. x. 26, 27, 28.

Take the two Sauls; they lived about one thousand years apart. One

started out well and ended poorly, and the other started out poorly and ended well. The first Saul got a kingdom and a crown. He had the friendship of Samuel, the best prophet there was on the face of the earth; and yet he lost the friendship of Samuel, lost his crown, his kingdom, and his life, all through an act of disobedience. Now take the Saul of the New Testament. When God called him he was obedient to the heavenly vision, and he was given a heavenly kingdom. One act of obedience, one act of disobedience. The act of obedience gained all, and the act of disobedience lost everything. Let us make up our minds that, cost us what it will, we will do the will of God, and we shall have peace and joy.—D. L. Moody.

## THURSDAY.

Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance; for ye serve the Lord Christ.—Col. iii. 23, 24.

Life in its literal aspect is wearisome enough; all life, looked at from day to day as it goes along, is tiresome. Take the grandest of human callings and detail its routine; people will turn away from it as from a dull story. And yet one may take the answer, the most matter-of-course duty, and shed on it this beautiful light of the ideal world, the glory of religion; and, behold, as every dew-drop becomes a diamond when the morning comes over the hills, as every bit of mica flashes like a pearl when the sunshine strikes it, so this little atom of duty, care, toil, trouble, becomes a gem when touched by the light of its principle.

## FRIDAY.

Re-seeing the time.—Col. iv. 5.

"The hours! They all march in one direction, inevitable as they are coming, and irrevocable when they are gone; with an eternity behind them, and an eternity before. The hours! They will never end their journey, though they will soon complete yours and mine. They are making note of human opportunities and performances, and the inscriptions that they leave will remain after those opportunities have vanished, and when those actions must be judged." I know of no description that sets them forth better than the motto of a public clock on the college wall at Oxford: *Perpetui et imputantur*—"They perish and are imputed."

## SATURDAY.

I delight to do Thy will, O my God.—Psalm xl. 8.

Happiness lives next door to complete acquiescence in the will of God.—C. H. Spurgeon.

## STAFF-CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD AT THE TEMPLE.

We were favored with a visit from Staff-Capt. Archibald on Sunday. The morning meeting was one of the best that the writer has had the privilege of attending. The Staff-Captain's Bible reading was very practical indeed, and brought conviction to many hearts, although only two yielded to their convictions. The way in which the free-will offering was given was really splendid, and resulted in a good sum being raised for the work.

The night meeting was a splendid affair. A large crowd was present at the open-air and inside meetings. The Staff-Captain's address on "Trophies of grace," brought tears to many eyes, and led them to see their real estate in the sight of God. Two dear brothers, who have been conquered by the drink habit for years, sought deliverance. The most regrettable part of the meetings was the absence of Adj. Wakefield, who was taken sick on Saturday night and was unable to be present. We are praying for the Adjutant, and believe ere long he will again be at the battle's front.—G. W. P.

"Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice, and let men say among the nations, The Lord reigneth."—I. Chron. xvi. 31.

## SPIRITUAL SPECIALS

SPEND 10 DAYS AT HAMILTON 1. CORPS CONDUCTING SPECIAL REVIVAL SERVICES.

45 Seekers for Pardon and Purity—3 Names Added to the Permanent Roll—8 Backslidden Soldiers Re-instated and 19 Added to the Recruits' Roll.

What can I say about our visit to Hamilton? God has, indeed, been pleased to honor the labors of Staff-Capt. Mantion and myself. The congregations have been good, and the interest has been intense. We have had the support of bandmen, soldiers, and officers, and the success achieved has been such as would gladden the angels.

## Results:—

For pardon, 35.  
For the blessing, 9.  
Re-instated, 8.  
Enrolled as recruits, 19.  
Enrolled as soldiers, 3.  
Attendance, 2,100; being 1,200 above the average.  
Attendance of soldiers at open-air, 500; being 250 above the average.  
Offerings amounted to about \$80, being about \$50 above the average.

The galleries were opened the two Sunday nights when there, such a sight as is seldom seen.

Two dedication services were held, when the twin children of Sergt. Major and Mrs. Bailey were dedicated to God and the Army; also Bandmaster and Mrs. Clark, and Bro. and Sister Palmer had their little ones given to God. It was a beautiful sight.

## The Penitent Form.

Some touching scenes were seen at the penitent form. Here is a man who, in by-gone years, had been a good soldier, but eleven years ago left God and packed his uniform in his trunk. There knelt another old veteran that once was. His pipe came to an untimely end while he knelt at the Mercy Seat. A man holds up his hat, for prayer who had not been in a place of worship for fifteen years.

## The Dying Saint.

Dear Mrs. Grozell, a faithful warrior, is nearing the river. The Adjutant, myself, and Bertie visited her. We sang of His redeeming love, much to the pleasure of our dear sister. She has no fears, all is well. Hallelujah!

## A Busy Day.

Yesterday (Sunday) was a busy day. We conducted nine meetings, all told—a band meeting and a converts' meeting being among the number.

## The Enrolment.

What a sight to see over a score of men and women taking their stand for God. Oh, that they may be true to God and the flag!

The comrades were delighted to see their beloved Provincial Officers, Major and Mrs. Pickering. God bless the Major and his wife! God bless the Adjutant and her assistants! God bless Hamilton! So says your humble servant and Staff-Capt. Mantion. We are now off to pastures new. Farewell for a season.—J. S. Pugmire.

## A GLORIOUS WEEK-END.

(Special.)

St. Catharines.—First visit of Major and Mrs. Pickering (new Provincial Officers), assisted by Ensign Sims. Magnificent meetings. Holy Ghost mightily helped the P.O. Rapt attention to addresses given. Five souls seeking mercy, one an ex-officer. Collections four times the ordinary. Congregations splendid. Capt. Rennie and Lieut. Wilson full of faith for Harvest Festival. Target will be hit.—"White Rose."

## OVER JORDAN.

"ALL IS WELL."



Norwich.—The death angel has visited our corps and promoted our comrade, Mrs. Casler, to a mansion above. After a short illness, she was called to try the realities of a better world. When the end was near, she said to those by her side, "All is well." Mrs. Casler (nee Capt. Ross) spent many years at the front of the battle. Her greatest delight was to lead men and women to the Lamb of God. Which taketh away the sins of the world. As an officer her work was wonderfully blessed and honored by God. Some few years ago she was compelled to withdraw on account of ill-health, and take her stand as a soldier, where she has fought a good fight, and proved the grace of God sufficient under every circumstance. Our sister will be missed by many friends and officers. Her home was always open to the Salvation Army.

We gave her an Army funeral, which was conducted by Capt. Bonny. It was a solemn and impressive moment, when we laid all that was mortal of our departed comrade away to rest, with a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

A large number attended the memorial service on Sunday at the barracks, and many spoke of our sister's life being a blessing. Capt. Bonny brought the service to a close with a Bible talk, warning all to be ready for the death-angel's call. Conviction was stamped upon many faces. May God bless and sustain the bereaved husband and infant son.—Louisa Haskin.



## T. H. Q. SPECIALS.

H. F. SUNDAY, SEPT. 22nd.

Ingersoll.—Colonel Jacobs and Brigadier Pugmire.  
Lisgar St.—Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin and Staff-Capt. Mantion.  
Temple.—Brigadier Friedrich.  
Riverside.—Major Horn.  
Newmarket.—Major Collier.  
Huron St.—Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Archibald.  
Hamilton 1.—Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Creighton.  
Guelph.—Staff-Capt. Page.  
St. Catharines.—T. H. Q. Quintet.  
Aurora.—Adj. Creighton.  
Dundas.—Ensign Easton.

## Spiritual Specials.

MAJOR GALT AND CAPT. LEDREW will visit Deseronto Sept. 13 to Sept. 23; Nanapanee, Sept. 25 to Oct. 7; Campbellford, Oct. 9 to Oct. 21.

## East Ontario Province.

## MAJOR TURNER

Will visit Montreal, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 21, 22, 23; Kingston, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Oct. 5, 6, 7; Picton, Tues., Oct. 8; Brockville, Wed., Oct. 9; Ogdensburg, Thurs., Oct. 10; Prescott, Fri., Oct. 11; Cornwall, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Oct. 12, 13, 14.

## BILLETS | BILLETS |

Officers requiring billets for the Anniversary Congress should apply immediately to

## MAJOR PICKERING.

Salvation Temple.  
Toronto.



angel has visited our camp, Mrs. Gaskin, to a mission. After a short illness, he was called to try the realities of a better world. When the end was near, she said to those by her side, "All is well." (Rec'd) spent of the battle, to lead men out of the arms of the world. I work was honored by a account of stand as a light a good use of God's grace. Circumstances, and by many a home was in the Army. I funeral, Capt. Bonny, a progressive movement was more away to gain hope of

ed the me- at the bar- our sister's Capt. Bonny close with a be ready for divition was. May God rod husband askin.

ENTS

ALS,

F. 22nd.

and Briga-

Mrs. Gaskin

ch.

Mrs. Arch-

and Mrs.

Quintet.

ls,

McDREW

13 to Sept.

7; Camp-

ance.

and

ston, Sat.

Platon, Oct.

Wed., Oct.

10; Pres-

Wall, Sat.,

14.

311

for the

ould apply

G,

ple,

Toronto.

## "The Summer is Ended."

(Continued from page 9.)

rightly so. They would say your emotions blinded your eyes to falling roof and bending pillar, and so they would. The outsiders might be friends of those inside the burning building, but you would be husband and father, and know that their safety depended upon the speed with which you could get them out. Would it take long for the children, half-mothered with smoke, to leap into your arms, or for your wife to catch at your outstretched hand, burned, in her rescue, and run with you to safety? I say there are husbands, wives, and children, sons and daughters in the furnace of sin.

### THE FATHER OF THE HUMAN FAMILY

gazed upon the ruddy horizon of an on-sweeping destruction, and heard the crackling of men's honor, of women's virtue, of children's innocence, of marriage vows, of family altars and happy homes, and turned into the midnight darkness of the street of Calvary. It was a rapid travel to the end of that long street of a world's sin and woe, and putting from exhaustion, with blood-sweat besmearing His pallid face, while the on-lookers called, "He cannot save Himself" from burning lash and falling blow. He rushed right into the tree of crucifixion, and tens of thousands of His children, sio-burred and crime-blackened, have leaped into His outstretched arms, blistered and flesh-torn for their salvation. I say there are tens of thousands damned because too slow to be saved, and those who seek them are too slow in their search. After all, the most rapid word in the whole of the English dictionary is "Now," and God has said, "Now is the day of salvation."

Christ, as with Zaccheus, is quickly found of those who run after Him, for our Summer, at best, is short, and it will soon be ended. I love to see a prodigal take the quickest cut home, and fall on his Father's neck before he reaches the penitent form. I always say, at such a sight, it is Summer for that soul—the sun's rays are direct upon the earth, the Saviour is near the sinner; judgment, death, and hell are being driven back before mercy, life and Heaven.

There is no soul in this enlightened land who has not had the wondrous and would-be soul-saving experience of "almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." May I ask you, has it not been so with you? In looking upon the pages of your past is there not more than once related where you came right up to the brink, where you felt quick, urging emotions pressing you toward Jesus? Every circumstance of that hour seemed planned to help you; the light shone brightly, showing it was only a step to the Lamb Who taketh away the sins of the world; the warmth of God's love melted the ice-bergs of rebellion in your heart, and drove a gulf into your throat and rivers through your eyes; there was a wonderful clearing of clouds of unbelief from your sky, as if angels' wings were pushing them away, and while the saints sang around you a wave of feeling passed over your soul you never can forget. It was Summer—your day of grace—you were almost persuaded—you wanted to fall upon your knees and cry to God for mercy—every feeling of your heart pushed you up to it—every voice from the past persuaded you to do it—every dread of the future pleaded with you to drop anchor in that harbor, but you did not do it, although you knew that it was only the great sacrifice of Jesus brought you such a chance of His salvation.

On this night, with the signs of approaching

Winter all around me, I call to all those who linger on the brink of indecision. "Quick, quick into the Kingdom, for the time is passing, the days are growing shorter, the light fails; soon the last rose will wither, the last leaf will fall, the last bird will fly; then the cutting winds of an on-sweeping and everlasting Winter will moan through the eternal ages.

### "THE SUMMER IS ENDED."

Lastly, these words express the condition of a lost soul. It is the end of the long, long trail of God's countless mercies. It is the last tie between your spirit and the sky broken. It is the wages paid in full for sin. It is the soul weighed and wanting. It is prayer unheeded and unanswered. It is the gate of reconciliation closed. It is time passed, God grieved, Heaven lost. Can anything be more lamentable than to look out of the concentrated darkness of eternal punishment on to a life filled with expressions of God's love and pleadings, and see in them all the light, the peace, and the glory that might have been, ignored and wasted. A little time back, I watched from the platform of a Western car, the last glory of the setting sun as it crowded one of the most beautiful summits of the Rockies. We were mounting an incline, and every detail of the winding track was lit up by the fiery burnish. Objects long passed seemed near us again, and in their blushes left from the kisses of rose-tinted cloudlets appeared all the more beautiful and to be prized. So when the sun of life sets, and from the platform of the dying couch, men see lit in life's last flashes every detail of the track, every wave of mercy, every held-back heavenman's axe, every opportunity of pardon, every touch of the Saviour's love passed, ignored and gone, then the quick darkness of a pitiless night, and all is over, the tree has fallen, the sun is set—the Summer is ended.

## Songs for Harvest Festival Week

### Holiness.

Tunes.—Even me (B.J. 229); Shall we meet? (B.J. 140).

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering fall and  
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let Thy power descend on me—  
Even me.

Come just now, Thou mighty Spirit,  
Make me feel, and make me see;  
Send the burning, cleansing fire,  
Now show forth Thy power in me—  
Even me.

Pass me not, O God, my Father,  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the Father  
Let Thy mercy fall on me—  
Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me—  
Even me.

I have long in sin been sleeping,  
Long been slighting, grieving Thee;  
Long the world my heart's been keeping—  
Oh, forgive and restore me—  
Even me.

### Only Thee.

True.—Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer  
(B.J. 73).

2 Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer!  
When have I been beside?  
Who on earth with love so tender,  
All my wandering steps will guide?  
Chorus.

Only Thee, only Thee!  
Loving Saviour, only Thee!  
Only Thee! No joy I covet  
But the joy to call Thee mine—  
Joy that gives the blest assurance  
Thou hast owed and sealed me  
Thine.

Only Thee! I ask no other,  
Thou art more than all to me;  
Life, or health, or creature comfort—  
I would give them all for Thee.

Only Thee, Whose blood has cleansed me,  
Would my raptured vision see,  
While my faith is reaching upward,  
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

### Praise and Thanksgiving.

Tunes.—Conference (B.J. 75); Nativ-  
ity (B.J. 147).

3 We praise Thee, Lord, with heart  
and voice,  
While with first-fruits we come;  
We bring thank-offerings and rejoice,  
Shouting the harvest home.

For crops made ripe by golden fire,  
For all Thy power has done,  
We'll lift Thy praises higher and  
higher,  
Shouting the harvest home.

Salvation fields already white,  
And souls are all Thine own;  
To reap earth's millions we'll unite;  
Shouting the harvest home.

Rich fruits of holiness we see,  
Where men in grace have grown;  
Salvation reapers we will be,  
Shouting the harvest home.

Seed sown with tears Thy life re-  
ceives,  
Making Thy goodness known;  
Reapers return with golden sheaves,  
Shouting the harvest home.

### The Reaping Time.

Tune.—Soon the reaping-time will  
come.

4 This is the field, the world below,  
In which the Sower came to sow;  
Jesus, the wheat; Satan, the  
tares;  
For so the word of God declares.

And soon the reaping-time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.  
Most awful truth, and is it so?  
Must all the world the harvest know?  
Must all before the Judge appear?  
Then for the harvest, oh, prepare.

To love thy sins—a saint to appear—  
To grow with wheat and he a tare—  
May serve thee while on earth below,  
Where tares and wheat together grow.

But all who are from sin set free  
Their Father's Kingdom soon shall  
see,  
Shine like the sun for ever there;  
He that hath ears, then, let him hear.

### What Shall the Harvest Be?

Tune.—What shall the harvest be?  
(B.J. 388).

5 Sowing the seed by the dawn light  
fair,  
Sowing the seed by the noonday  
glare,  
Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
Sowing the seed in the solemn night:  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sown in the darkness, or sown in the  
light,  
Sown in our weakness, or sown in our  
might,  
Gathered in time or eternity,  
Sure, ah! sure, will the harvest be!

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,  
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,  
Sowing the seed where the thorns will  
spoil,  
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil:  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,  
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,  
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,  
Sowing the seed of eternal shame:  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,  
Sowing the seed while the tears drop  
start,  
Sowing in hope, till the reapers come  
Gladly to gather the harvest home:  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

### Why Not To-Night?

Tunes.—Conference; Ernan (B.J. 221).

6 Oh, do not let the Lord depart,  
And close thine eyes against the  
light;  
Poor sinner, harden not thine heart,  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-  
night?

To-morrow's sun may never rise  
To bless thy long-delayed sight—  
This is the time!—oh, then, be wise!  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-  
night?

Our God in pity lingers still;  
Oh, wilt thou thus His love requite?  
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-  
night?

Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to Him their souls unite:  
Then be the work of grace begun;  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-  
night?

### Hidden Sins.

By MAJOR COLLIER.

Tune.—When the mists have rolled  
away.

7 When old Adam in the garden,  
The forbidden fruit did taste,  
He at once a covering made him,  
For to hide him from God's face.  
And when Cain his brother Abel,  
In a fit of passion killed,  
They forgot that God could see them:  
That the earth His presence filled.

Hidden sins shall come to light,  
They're committed in God's sight.  
If you wrong you try to cover,  
It will surely be made known:  
And, unless it is forgiven,  
Meet you at the Judgment Throne.

Achan took a stolen garment,  
Hid it underneath the ground,  
But the people Joshua numbered,  
And the guilty one was found.  
Then King Saul should have killed  
Agag.

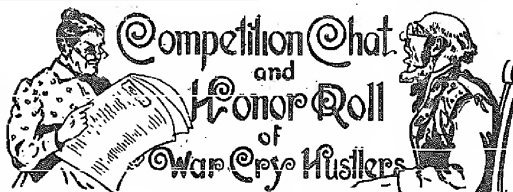
All the sheep, and oxen, too;  
But he disobeyed God's orders—  
Of the best he kept a few.

David, too, was very sinful  
When he took another's wife;  
When his sin he could not cover,  
He destroyed Uriah's life,  
Jonah should have preached repent-  
ance.

But his courage it did fall,  
So he ran away from duty,  
To be swallowed by a whale.

Ananias and Sapphira  
The disciples tried to cheat;  
And you know the Bible story,  
How they fell dead at their feet.  
So, my comrades, if you'd prosper,  
Hidden sins just now confess,  
Only seek the Kingdom's interest,  
And your labors God will bless.





### ARAB RENEWS THE CONTEST—DEFEAT AGAIN NIGGER'S PORTION —SOME NEW CHAMPIONS—SPLENDID INCREASES ON LAST WEEK.

Arab is bent on giving a good account of himself at the reception of his worthy owner, Major McMillan. The Major will be rightly proud of the fact that his noble steed is leading the Ontario this week. There is, however, a great gap between the record of the Eastern Star and West Ontario. Will it remain thus, I wonder?

Evidently nothing but the lead will satisfy our Eastern comrades. They are keeping it well. Decreases are not healthy signs, however, and should be taken as warning signals for advancement.

Alas! poor Nigger, in the rear again. Major Pickering is feeling anxious. Did I not overbear him make a resolve that a better state of things must be brought about? What will the answer be from the Field?

Siag has made a move in the right direction since last week, adding six

hustlers. Although her position is not yet bettered, a continuation of this sort of thing is sure to work wonders.

The Territorial championship is still in the hands of Lieut. Currell, of Hamilton. There are several Candidates for this position. Whether they will get there or not is a matter of considerable interest.

Lieut. Erb, of London, who champions West Ontario, is again nearing her old total, while Lieut. White, of Fredericton, climbs to the top in her particular Province. Mrs. Thompson, of Kingston (E.O.P.), has done a good stroke this week, as is also the case with C. C. Robinson, of Rossland. All our Corps-Cadets should bloom the Cry.

I must wait until next week, before writing any more. I should like something startling to record. This here War Cry booming must be kept up. What do you say?

#### Eastern Province.

##### 102 Hustlers.

Lieut. E. White, Fredericton	256
Lieut. Redmond, Sydney	250
Mrs. Adj. Dowell, Halifax I.	230
Capt. E. Price, Hamilton	176
S. M. Veinot, Halifax II.	166
M. Smith, Windsor	155
Capt. W. Thompson, Glace Bay	140
Lieut. A. Harding, North Sydney	130
Lieut. M. Holden, Westville	115
Cand. A. Thompson, Charlottetown	112
Lieut. P. Tyler, Carleton	110
Cadet Nickerson, Yarmouth	110
Capt. J. W. Clark, Chatham	110
Lieut. Duncan, Eastport	110
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	100
P. S. M. Cashin, Halifax I.	100
Sergt. H. Flood, Hamilton	100
Capt. E. Taylor, Sussex	90
Lieut. March, Yarmouth	87
Capt. Kirk, Charlottetown	87
Capt. Payne, Somerset	80
Capt. Green, New Glasgow	75
Lieut. Vandine, Truro	74
Lieut. McLennan, St. John I.	70
Lieut. White, St. John II.	69
Ensign Parsons, St. John III.	63
Sergt. Thistle, Halifax I.	63
Sergt. Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	63
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60
C. Jones, Woodstock	60
Capt. Andrews, Truro	58
Cadet Moore, Yarmouth	55
Capt. Miller, Bridgewater	55
Capt. Wyatt, Fairville	55
Capt. Tatem, Canning	55
Cadet Ritchie, St. John III.	53
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton	53
Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton	51
Capt. Armstrong, St. John V.	50
Lieut. Murthough, Fairville	50
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Newcastle	50
Capt. Greenland, Amherst	50
Lieut. Butler, Amherst	50
Capt. Ryan, Bear River	50
S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	50
C. C. McKenzie, New Glasgow	50
Capt. Wilson, Bridgetown	45
W. Williams, Moncton	45
Capt. Bowering, Farnborough	45
Sergt. Brewer, Halifax I.	45
A. Ramle, Windsor	44
Adj. Byers, Springhill	40
Capt. Smith, North Head	40
Sergt. Place, Hamilton	40
P. Adams, St. John V.	40
Mrs. Reay, Glace Bay	40
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	40
Lieut. McDonald, Bridgetown	40
Sergt. Burgess, Halifax I.	35
Ensign Knight, Dartmouth	35
Mrs. Ensign Knight, Dartmouth	35
Ensign Larder, Halifax II.	35
Capt. Hebb, Houlton	34
A. Lonsmore, Windsor	33
Cadet Greaves, Springhill	30
Mrs. Mallory, Hamilton	30

Cadet McKenzie, New Glasgow	30
S. M. Jones, St. John III.	30
Capt. Traflet, Westville	30
M. Genge, North Sydney	30
Capt. Davis, Sydney Mines	30
Sergt. McDowd, Dartmouth	30
S. M. Trendwell, Newcastle	27
Capt. Leadley, Clark's Harbor	25
Capt. Pemberton, Hillsboro	25
Lieut. Jones, Hillsboro	25
P. S. M. England, Chatham	25
Sergt. Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	25
J. Squires, Springhill	25
Capt. Vranchar, Windsor	25
T. Smith, Glace Bay	25
S. Holden, Windsor	24
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	24
C. C. Colwell, Newcastle	23
Capt. Wyatt, Fairville	23
Adj. Crichon, Charlottetown	23
Capt. Doyle, Woodstock	23
Cand. DeBow, Woodstock	20
J. Neilson, Woodstock	20
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton	20
W. White, Hamilton	20
Mrs. McCullum, Newcastle	20
John Chase, Fredericton	20
C. C. Jones, Clark's Harbor	20
D. Martin, Glace Bay	20
Capt. Netting, Digby	20
Lieut. Hamilton, Annapolis	20
M. McKay, Springhill	20
Capt. Lamont, Southampton	20
W. Hallett, Hampton	20
Capt. Wreath, Sackville	20

#### West Ontario Province.

##### 86 Hustlers.

Lieut. H. Erb, London	269
Capt. Copeman, Brantford	255
Capt. Maisey, Guelph	205
Ensign Hollett, Galt	150
Capt. Stitzer, Goderich	150
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	135
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Berlin	115
Ensign Gamble, Chatham	110
Ensign Slote, Stratford	110
Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia	110
Capt. Hockin, Chatham	110
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	110
Lieut. Stickells, Leamington	100
Mrs. Britton, Stratford	100
P. S. M. Dickson, St. Thomas	89
Rosy Northcott, Clinton	82
Capt. Bonney, Norwich	80
Mrs. Capt. White, Simcoe	76
Capt. Barry, Paris	70
Capt. Williams, Palmerston	69
Rosy Northcott, Clinton	64
Lieut. Ellis, Tilsonburg	62
Capt. Horwood, Wingham	60
Lieut. Cook, Forest	60
Mrs. Green, Ridgeway	58
Capt. Crawford, Bothwell	50
Adj. Kenway, Woodstock	50
Adj. Cameron, Brantford	50
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	50
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Strathroy	50
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Ridgeway	47

Capt. Dowell, Clinton	46
Sergt. Fred Palmer, London	45
Lieut. Manney, Hamden	42
Ensign Manserv, Woodstock	40
Capt. Fyfe, Listowel	40
Lieut. M. Watson, Listowel	40
Capt. Coy, Strathroy	40
Lieut. McColl, Tilsonburg	38
Capt. Welch, Essex	38
Celesta Slyver, St. Thomas	36
Capt. Yeomans, Wallaceburg	36
Mrs. Blackwell, Petrolia	35
Mrs. Lindsey, Petrolia	35
Minnie Schuster, Berlin	35
Mary Wissen, Simcoe	35
P. S. M. Glover, Dresden	35
Mrs. Major Cooper, Guelph	33
Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas	32
Ensign Jarvis, Hespeler	30
Lieut. Allen, Hespeler	30
Lieut. Greenwood, Theford	30
Ensign Howcroft, Wallaceburg	30
Neille Langier, St. Thomas	30
Lieut. L. Webber, London	29
Stanley Gammage, Chatham	28
Mrs. McGulgan, Blenheim	25
Tena McMillan, Goderich	25
Capt. Jordison, Dresden	25
Josie Gregor, Hespeler	22
Mrs. Wheeler, Hespeler	22
Lieut. West, Palmerston	22
Mrs. Miller, Petrolia	21
Gertrude Simpson, Guelph	20
Mrs. Harris, London	20
Paul Hardacre, Chatham	20
Ensign Gammage, Chatham	20
Dad Christner, Dresden	20
Sergt. Ellis, Dresden	20
Capt. Rock, Berlin	20
S. M. Graham, Thamesville	20
Maisey Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Mrs. Macgregor, Chatham	20
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	20
Cand. Fred. Talcott, Ridgeway	20
Capt. Haley, Ingersoll	20
Capt. Kitchen, Ingersoll	20
C. C. A. Simmons, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. M. C. Thomas	20
Lieut. Burney, Essex	20
Sister Yeo, Windsor	20
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	20
Adj. Coombs, Windsor	20
Capt. Major Duxley, Ottawa	102
Capt. Bradbury, Sarnia	100
Lieut. J. O'Ford, Ogdensburg	100
Cadet-Lieut. Granger, Ottawa	97
Capt. L. Wilson, Trenton	95
Lieut. Bushey, Breckville	95
Capt. York, St. Johnsbury	90
Sergt. Mrs. Welch, Burlington	90
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	80
Capt. Slater, Sunbury	76
Capt. Green, Deseronto	73
Lieut. Rutledge, Gananoque	70
Capt. York, St. Johnsbury	65
Lieut. Hicks, Barre	65
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	65
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	60
Lieut. Holliday, Quebec	60
Lieut. Ludlow, Annapolis	60
P. S. M. Ricketts, Montreal I.	59
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	59
Capt. Newell, Kingston	58
Sergt. Burke, Belleville	57
Capt. T. Bloss, Cornwall	55
Mrs. Cross, Cornwall	55
Capt. Weir, Belleville	51
Lieut. Peddie, Newport	50
Capt. Grose, Cobourg	50
Lieut. Langley, St. Johnsbury	50
Cand. Yates, Perth	50
Maggie Little, Newport	50
Mrs. Douglas, Cornwall	50
Lieut. Thompson, Perth	48
Adj. Babington, Peterboro	47
Capt. Ash, Perth	47
Lieut. Owen, Napanee	45
Capt. Crego, Campbellford	45
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	44
Mrs. Burston, Cornwall	44
Sergt. Hippen, Montreal II.	44
Cadet-Lieut. Lowrie, Pembroke	42
Ida Munro, Barre	41
Bro. Duquet, Tracadie	41
Sergt. Raymo, Barre	40
Sergt. Vaucour, Montreal I.	40
Sergt. Leworthy, Tweed	40
C. C. Payne, Picton	37
Mrs. King, Napanee	37
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	37
Capt. Liddell, Morrisburg	30
Capt. Magee, Morrisburg	30
Sister Mrs. Osmond, Ottawa	30
Sister H. Harbour, Ottawa	30
Lottie Robinson, Peterboro	30
Phaicy Paron, Prescott	30
Lottie White, Prescott	30
Cand. Greenlake, Kingston	30
Sergt. Richie, Montreal I.	30
Mrs. Capt. Crego, Campbellford	27

Capt. Redburn, Millbrook	25
I. S. S.M. Russell, Millbrook	25
Sister Kane, Montreal I.	25
Mrs. Veal, Barre	22
Capt. Pitcher, Montreal I.	20
Capt. Crego, Campbellford	20
Mrs. Dawson, Picton	20
Mrs. Collins, Cornwall	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Sister Soward, Montreal I.	20
John Walton, Kingston	20
Sister Morten, Campbellford	20

#### Central Ontario Province.

##### 72 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	355
Capt. McCann, Huron St.	110
Sergt. Bowcock, Huron St.	100
Capt. Hanna, Cullingswood	83
Capt. Rennie, St. Catharines	80
Lieut. Wilson, St. Catharines	80
Adj. Ogilvie, Owen Sound	65
Capt. McLennan, Owen Sound	65
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Cullingswood	60
Mrs. Capt. LeCocq, Newmarket	60
Cand. White, Barrie	55
Capt. Capt. Howell, Huntsville	50
Sergt. Richards, Lindsay	50
Capt. Liddard, North Bay	50
Adj. Walker, Riverside	50
Capt. Rose, Midland	50
Lieut. Minnis, Midland	50
P. S. M. Studden, Bracebridge	50
Ensign Lott, Parry Sound	45
Capt. Clink, Sudbury	45
Capt. Bond, Sudbury	45
Sister Bowman, Temple	42
Mrs. Miller, Bracebridge	42
Capt. Carwardine, Little Current	40
S. M. Hinton, Chatham	40
Capt. Nelson, Chesley	40
Sergt. Tuck, Lisgar St.	40
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Lisgar St.	40
Capt. Meeks, Barrie	40
Capt. Holliker, Riverside	40
Lieut. Phillips, Little Current	39
Lieut. Dauberville, Lindsay	39
P. S. M. Bradley, Temple	38
Adj. Huggins, Lippincott	37
Cadet Close, Lippincott	37
Capt. Patterson, Sturgeon Falls	35
Lieut. Patterson, Sturgeon Falls	35
Capt. French, Temple	32
Capt. Bowbeer, Lisgar St.	32
Lieut. Grimth, Hamilton II.	30
Capt. Stickells, Hamilton II.	30
Ensign Brant, Brantford	30
Sister Palmer, Orillia	30
P. S. M. Southwell, Huron St.	30
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	30
Capt. Stephens, North Bay	30
Capt. Trickey, Orillia	28
Capt. Stephens, Brantford	28
Lieut. Crandell, Brantford	26
Adj. Burrows, Barrie	26
Capt. Palling, Dovercourt	25
Louie Coy, Hamilton I.	25
Capt. LeCocq, Newmarket	25
Mrs. Brown, Newmarket	25
C. C. McCahey, Riverside	25
Lieut. Eno, Parry Sound	23
Capt. Cornish, Temple	23
Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	22
Bro. Jilks, Orillia	21
Cadet-Lieut. Langridge, Orillia	21
Ensign Sims, Lisgar St.	21
Mrs. Phillips, Lisgar St.	20
Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.	20
Sergt. McHenry, Lisgar St.	20
Sister Allan, Temple	20
Sister Gimbert, Temple	20
Sister Garvie, Temple	20
Harry Walker, Riverside	20
Edith Smith, Dovercourt	20
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	20
Adj. Bale, Lindsay	20
Sister Bradbeer, North Bay	20

#### North-West Province.

##### 48 Hustlers.

Lieut. Croser, Brandon	98
Capt. O. Potter, Devil's Lake	88
Lieut. E. Gamble, Grafton	87
Sergt. D. Taylor, Winnipeg	85
Capt. A. Pearce, Moorhead	85
Minnie Lewis, Winnipeg	83
Ensign M. Collett, Fargo	79
Lieut. J. Russell, Fargo	76
Capt. J. Mercer, Fort William	72
P. S. M. Curtis, Rat Portage	67
Lieut. W. Oxenford, Regina	65
Mrs. Capt. R. Taylor, Portage la Prairie	65
Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown	65
Lieut. V. Sherriss, Grand Forks	65
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Winnipeg	60
Capt. J. Cook, Souris	60
Adj. F. Dean, Rat Portage	60
Mrs. Capt. A. Wilkins, Grand Forks	60
Lieut. L. Rutall, Edmonton	56
Capt. L. Dunster, Fort Assiniboia	54
Capt. Barrager, Edmonton	53
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Calgary	47
Capt. C. R. Hall, Lethbridge	44
Mrs. Capt. Swain, Belkirk	40
Sister Nellie Odger, Dauphin	40





## THE HYGIENE CLASS.

## CHAPTER V.

An infected Parlor.—But we have not seen all yet. Here is the parlor, with its close, fusty smell, and its chilly dampness. An "odor of sanctity" pervades the place. It is sacred to use on great occasions, when its death-dealing walls are made to witness the still more deadly depredations of a fashionable festival. Upon its cold walls are condensed the steam from the kitchen and wash-room, and the organic filth carried with it. "What makes the walls of my parlor sweat so?" has been asked me many times by housekeepers who were annoyed by the dampness of their parlor walls and ceilings, often giving rise to mold and mildew. The explanation is already given. The sunshine never gets into the sacred corner of the dwelling, or at most, only a glimmer now and then. Its walls are never disinfected by the sun's full, warm rays. Hence its air is constantly charged with death-dealing properties, which are ready to exhibit their potency whenever favorable opportunity affords.

A Death-Trap.—And there is the parlor bed-room, a veritable death-trap, containing all the dangers enumerated for the contiguous apartments and more. How many useful clergymen have been sacrificed at the very height of their usefulness by incarceration in some of these insanitary bed-rooms? How many itinerant missionaries have arisen after a night spent in such a place, with rheumatism or consumption fastened upon them!

Unhealthful Sleeping Rooms.—Let us ascend to the upper part of the house. Here, you may say, we shall find a better condition of things. No kitchen with its foul smells, no pantry with its decomposing food, less dust, and no wood-boxes; but we must not congratulate ourselves too soon. Here is an open stairway in direct communication with the lower rooms; and the heated air from below, which ascends to the apartments above, carries with it its gleanings from cellar, sink, pantry, dusty carpets, moldy walls, fermenting wood-boxes, and the various contributions to the insanitary conditions of the house, so that the up-

per rooms become a receptacle for the overflow from below. Closets, garrets, and unventilated rooms in the upper part of a house become, in time, charged with most virulent enemies to health.

What's Under the House?—We have not finished our indoor inspection; but we must hasten, so let us make a survey of the exterior. But before we pass to the outside, let us pause a moment to ascertain the cause of that peculiar sickening odor which seems to emanate from the hall. The occupants of the house say they noticed a bad smell there last Fall, and now as the warm days of Spring are coming on, it has reappeared. What is it? Each member of the family has sniffed it, and accented it, and echoed, "What is it?" a hundred times. It is not moldy walls, nor full wood-boxes; gas in the sink-pipe, nor decaying vegetables in the cellar; sourness from the pantry, nor ancient dust from under the carpet. Possibly it may be something under the floor. No one has ever taken the trouble to look and see, as the space under the floor is not spacious enough for one to visit without considerable inconvenience; besides, there is no ready means of access to the inclosure, except by making a hole through a stone wall, and so the matter has not been investigated. Suppose we stop outside, and undertake the task. What do we find? Perhaps a dozen rats who were fed arsenic in the cellar or pantry, and sought out this as a convenient place to die in, or maybe maliciously thought to retaliate for their own poisoning by poisoning their destroyers. Perhaps the pet rabbit, which mysteriously disappeared a few months ago, apprehending approaching death from suffocating, has sought this secluded spot to breathe his last, as evidenced by his decomposing remains. At any rate, there is great need of the services of a scavenger, and we wonder how it would be possible to invent a more ingenious contrivance for accomplishing the physical ruin of a family, were such a fiendish design to be executed.

Sanitary Survey of a Back Yard.—Now let us glance around a little. The front yard is orderly and inviting, of course. Graveled walks, a smooth-cut lawn, a few elegant shrubs and evergreens, all suggest the highest de-

gree of neatness and good taste. Let us step around to the back yard. What a contrast! Close by the door stands a garbage-barrel, which testifies to at least two of the senses that its history goes far back into the dim past. Once a week the man comes with a cart, and empties the unsavory receptacle, stirring to the bottom its reeking contents. At all hours of the day and night this half-rotten receptacle of decomposing matter sends out upon the air its filthy emanations.

Near by is a brown-looking spot of earth, over which are eagerly crawling myriads of the first insects of the season, and from which ascends a noxious vapor, visible in the cool morning air, but not difficult to discover if not visible, by its pungent, nauseating odor. This, the gardener explains, is the dumping place for the slop and the wash-bub since the drain-pipe became clogged, a few months ago. Frozen up during the winter, it was annoying only by its unsightly appearance; but when the vernal sun came, the accumulation of months sent forth a constant stream of noxious smells, which are too often experienced to need further description.

A rod or two from the house we notice a little depression in the ground. This, we learn, is the location of the cesspool. The boards which once formed its roof have rotted away, and allowed the overlying earth to drop into the receptacle beneath, which originally consisted of a bottomless box or barrel, half-filled with stones, and connected with the kitchen sink by means of a long wooden box. The wood has now nearly disappeared, a few rotten fragments only remaining. Out of this putrescent hole rises a stench which finds no counterpart elsewhere than in similar contrivances for domestic poisoning. Horrible, nauseating, loathsome, are faint words to describe the dense vapors which ascend from this repository of liquid filth.



For Parents, Relations and Friends: We will search for missing persons for any part of the globe, without cost for any public, paid, or private, and children, or any one in difficulty. Address COMMISSIONERS EVANGELICAL SOCIETY, 4 Albert Street, Toronto, and send "Empire" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commission if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

## Second Insertion.

McKELVIE, T. A. Last heard of from Gravenhurst, or Brantford, where he was connected with the Army. It is thought that he went into the ministry, but his father heard that he was in business in Winnipeg. His father is longing to get some news of his boy.

SEAMAN, GEORGE N. Native of Moncton, N.B. Last heard of in the States, where he was working as an iron moulder. He was working in Fitchburg, Mass. Edward J. Seaman is very anxious to hear from him, as there is money left to him.

LITTLE, JOHN. Native of Scotland. Last heard of in the year '61. He was then in Virginia. Rather tall, dark complexion. Married a Miss Smith, of Virginia. Business, railroad conductor. Sister is very anxious.

PRILL, WESLEY ORR. Height 5 ft. 10 in. eyes light blue, age about 18 years. Last heard of at Modesto, Cal. Employed by the C.P.R. as wiper. His friends are anxious to hear from him.

ARMITAGE, WALTER, JAMES, and WILLIAM. When last heard from were living in Winnipeg, Man. but were going to North Dakota. Their father is anxious to hear from them.

SOMER, THOMAS HENRY. Height 5 ft. 5 in. light brown hair, blue eyes, scar on left cheek. Last heard of seven years ago, then working at St. Paul, U.S.A. Supposed to have learned the blacksmithing. Was reported to be in Montreal three years ago. He was foreman on the C.P.R. near Mattawa, Ont. His mother is anxious.

Capt. J. McKay Garman	40
Mrs. Capt. G. Gilliam, Calgary	40
Lieut. Battley, Neepawa	35
Capt. Kennir, Blamereck	35
Serjt. Mrs. Burrows, Morden	34
Cadet Nellie, Winnipeg	30
Adj. A. Thomas, Leithbridge	30
Serjt. D. Reese, Neepawa	29
Lieut. M. Stapleton, Carberry	27
Lieut. E. Irwin, Moosomin	26
Lieut. W. Meron, Larimore	26
Sister Emma Chapman, Winnipeg	25
Serjt. Mrs. Johnson, Winnipeg	23
Lieut. Willie, Prince Albert	23
Capt. S. Draper, Moosomin	21
Serjt. Mrs. Drummond, Winnipeg	20
Sister Jennie McWilliams, Winni-	20

## P.E.R.

Ensign A. Taylor, Winnipeg

Capt. Bauson, Valley City

C.C. Mary Johnson, Valley City

Capt. Diodgett, Fort Portage

Capt. N. Meyers, Prince Albert

Lieut. W. Mansell, Emerson

## Pacific Province.

## 41 Hustlers.

C. C. Robinson, Rossland	135
Capt. Heater, Helena	106
Adj. Blackburn, New Whatcom	105
Mrs. Capt. Stevens, Kalspell	94
Lieut. Common, Billings	92
Capt. Hurst, Victoria	92
Capt. Walrath, Great Falls	85
Mrs. Sprague, Missoula	85
Mrs. Adj. McGill, Vancouver	85
Capt. Duthie, Victoria	81
Florrie Pogue, Nelson	76
Hannah Knudson, Nelson	75
Lieut. Sutherland, New Westminster	75
Capt. Charlton, Helena	67
Mrs. Terryberry, Vancouver	60
Capt. Darach, Everett	60
Capt. Dales, Spokane	60
Capt. Miller, Lewiston	60
Mrs. McCrae, Phoenix	60
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Spokane	50
Serjt. Preston, Spokane	45
Capt. Beaumont, Spokane	45
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Revelstoke	45
Sister Hawkins, Great Falls	40
P. S. M. Whipple, Vancouver	40
Capt. Nesbitt, Billings	39
Capt. Jackson, Fernie	39
Capt. Sheard, Nanaimo	32
Lieut. Buck, Lewiston	32
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Fernie	30
Capt. Lambert, Vancouver	30
Capt. Perrenoud, Scotchmanish	27
Lieut. Malcolm, Spokane	27
Cadet Ratcliffe, Nanaimo	25
Bro. Britt, Rossland	24
Lieut. Rowlands, Nelson	24
Capt. Tippet, Dillon	24
Sister Tipton, Spokane	23
Cadet Church, Nanaimo	20
Bro. Sanford, New Whatcom	20
Sister Hartson, Spokane	20

## Newfoundland Province.

## 35 Hustlers.

Serjt. J. Lidstone, St. John's I.	100
Lieut. Wiltshire, St. John's I.	60
Capt. Stickland, Tilt Cove	50
P. S. M. Elms, Bay Roberts	50
P. S. M. Newman, Twillingate	40
Cand. E. Butt, St. John's I.	40
P. S. M. Ebbury, St. John's I.	40
Capt. J. Wiseman, St. John's I.	40
Cadet James, St. John's I.	40
Nettie Rose, Grand Bank	39
Lieut. Young, Harbor Grace	36
Cadet Greening, St. John's I.	36
Serjt. Lavallant, Channel	33
Elsie Coyell, St. John's I.	30
Cadet Andrews, St. John's I.	30
Serjt. Ayles, Bonavista	30
Serjt. Blackmore, Pilley's Island	26
Serjt. Eddy, Glenville	25
Serjt. Farrell, Clark's Beach	25
Serjt. Snowbridge, St. John's I.	25
Serjt. Hutchings, St. John's I.	25
Bro. Yeiman, St. John's I.	23
Cadet Mercer, St. John's I.	23
Cadet Ridout, St. John's I.	21
Serjt. Carter, St. John's I.	20
P. Husesey, St. John's I.	20
M. Johnstone, St. John's I.	20
A. Lodge, St. John's I.	20
Capt. James, Harbor Grace	20
Mrs. Capt. James, Harbor Grace	20
Serjt. Major Seward, Heart's Content	20
Serjt. M. Green, Armolde Cove	20
Capt. P. Salisbury, Shearstown	20
Serjt. Vincent, New Town	20
Thomas Harlick, Gambo	20

## The Klondyke.

## 2 Hustlers.

Capt. Lloyd, Dawson City	145
Capt. Wilcox, Dawson City	70

"Blessed be the Lord, Who daily loads us with benefits, even the God of our salvation."—Ps. lxxvii, 19.

We have just received from England the  
NEW BAND BOOK

all complete, for 1st and 2nd Cornet, 1st and 2nd Tenor, 1st and 2nd Baritone, 1st and 2nd Trombone, Euphonium, Bb Bass, Bombardon and Drums, containing 303 Tunes for use at indoor meetings or open-air. Your Band can't get along without it. All the best and most-used Tunes.

One Dollar per Book.

A liberal discount allowed to any Corps ordering the full set of books.

ORDER AT ONCE FROM

Major Horn, Trade Manager,  
ALBERT STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

NOTE.—Please don't order any 1st Cornet Band Journals below 120. They are entirely out of stock, and we cannot possibly replace them.





# HARVEST FESTIVAL

❁ THANKSGIVING ❁

GIFTS IN CASH OR KIND  
SOLICITED BY EVERY ARMY  
CORPS. ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

September 21st to 24th

(INCLUSIVE).

## GENERAL WM. BOOTH

Will

Visit ❁

**TORONTO**

from

Oct.

24th

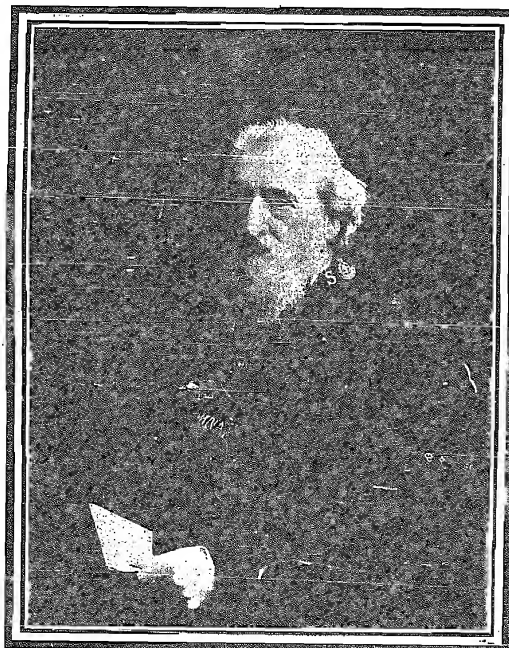
to

30th,

and

Conduct

the



Officers'  
Councils

Reception  
Meetings

Mass  
Meetings

in the  
Massey  
Music  
Hall.

## NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY CONGRESS

Hundreds of Staff and Field Officers will be present.

Special Railway Fares from all points in Canada.